

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE RIGHT BISHOP IN THE RIGHT PLACE;

OR, SELWYN AMONG THE BLACKS.

A SALVO for SELWYN, the pious and plucky,
 The manly and muscular, tender and true,
 Let "Lichfield and Coventry" own itself lucky,
 If loss of her shepherd New Zealand must rue.
 On the bench of Colonial Bishops or boat he
 The labouring oar has still pulled like a man,
 In his "stroking" for all mitres on seas now afloat
 he
 Is a model to match, or surpass, if they can.

He has toiled, he has tussled, with nature and
 savage,

When which was the wilder 'twas hard to de-
 cide,
 Spite of Maori's musket, and hurricane's ravage,
 The tight *Southern Cross* * has still braved
 time and tide.

Where lawn-sleeves and silk apron had turned
 with a shiver,

From the current that roared 'twixt his busi-
 ness and him,

If no boat could be come at, he breasted the riv-
 er,

And woe to his chaplain who craned at a
 swim!

What to him were the Cannibal tastes that still
 lingered

In the outlying nooks of his Maori fold,
 Where his flock oft have mused, as their Bibles
 they fingered,

"How good would our warm-hearted Bishop
 be, cold!"

What to him were short commons, wet jacket,
 hard-lying,

The savages' blood-feud, the elements' strife,
 Whose guard was the Cross, at his peak proudly
 flying,

Whose fare was the bread and the water of
 life?

Long, long the warm Maori hearts that so loved
 him

May watch and may wait for his coming
 again,

He has sown the good seed there, his Master has
 moved him

To his work among savages this side the
 main.

In "the Black Country," darker than ever
 New Zealand,

'Mid worse ills than heathenism's worst can
 combine,

He must strive with the savages reared in our
 free land,

To toil, drink, and die, round the forge and
 the mine!

* The missionary vessel in which the Bishop used
 to cruise along the coasts and among the islands of
 his diocese. His prowess as an oarsman is still fa-
 mous at his old University.

Say if We'nsbury roughs, Tipton cads, Bilston
 bullies,

Waikato can match, Taranaki excel?

Find in New Zealand's clearings, or wild ferny
 gullies,

Tales like those Dudley pit heaps and nail-
 works could tell —

A Labour more brutal, a Leisure more bestial,
 Minds raised by less knowledge of God of
 man,

More in manners that's savage and less that's
 celestial,

Can New Zealand show than the Black Coun-
 try can?

A fair field, my Lord Bishop — fair field and
 no favour —

For your battle with savagery, suffering, and
 sin.

To Mammon, their God, see where rises the sa-
 vour

Of the holocaust offered his blessing to win.
 Your well-practised courage, your hold o'er the
 heathen,

From, not to New Zealand for work ought to
 roam;

If it be dark, what must the Black Country be
 then,

What's the savage o'er sea, to the savage at
 home?

Punch.

MARTYRS AND MARTYRED.

SING *De profundis* for your martyrs, sing.
 Peace to the souls of traitors may it bring,

Help them to full release from murder's guilt,
 Though a true Briton's was the blood they spilt,

Peace to the souls of Fenians, being fled;
 Now justice has been done; and rest the dead!

But while you chant the penitential strain
 For them, the slayers, recollect the slain.

Which, say your priests, is like to need it most,
 Flitting, forewarned or unforewarned, a ghost,

Sped with a blow, or sent at leisure due?
 The Fenians, or the victim whom they slew?

Sing for your martyrs' souls; but don't for-
 get

That other martyr, poor Policeman BRETT;
 Sing for the murderers all the psalms you can:

But sing as many for the murdered man.
 — Punch.

AN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

To hang is human: to relieve divine,
 But what absurdity could be absurder,

(To hang for any crime whilst you design,
 Than that High Treason should extenuate

Murder?
 — Punch.

From The Victoria Magazine.
FEMININE IDLENESS.

THOUGH the great majority of women are fortunately for themselves compelled to work, and to enjoy the interest and stimulus of labour, yet the opinion of all classes leads them to condemn such exertion except when starvation is the alternative. As soon as a woman rises out of the class in which the smallest earnings or savings are valuable, the irresistible force of public opinion deprives her of all but paltry sources of interest and activity. She understands nothing of the industry by which her masculine relations earn money. There is a general feeling that she ought to have only very little intercourse with mankind, and that only with a selected few, whose opinions, training, and habits, offer no contrast to her own. Any indulgence of natural energy that interferes with this must be given up, because it may lead her to evil—to acquaintance with it if not to the practice of it—and she is not trained to have a choice in the matter, to resist the one and cling to the other, so much as to remain quiescent for fear of getting into a position where a choice would have to be made. She is placed in the most favourable circumstances for carrying out a very old-fashioned mode of arriving at perfection; a mode easily practised in a convent, but best of all in a desert. People who leave unsatisfied most of their wants and wishes have little motive for activity; and so, doing nothing, they escape doing wrong. The Christian world thought well of this plan for many hundred years, and filled the land with monasteries and nunneries accordingly. It ended in proving that those who gave up so much were after all no better than other men and women, while they had incapacities, if not vices, of their own superadded.

With regard to women of the classes above poverty, one can hardly look round without seeing some of the consequences of resignation in the wrong place. The want of interest and employment is a general complaint. The business of ministering to minds diseased by this want, is an important part of the duty of the clergy of all sects, and the charitable labours carried on by women in this position might well have been invented for their benefit, rather than for that of those whom they serve. "It is alleged," says the Rev. F. D. Maurice, "that there are many who are craving for healthy and beneficial employment, and who are suffering much mental distress, and bodily illness, because they cannot find it, and who are ready

to take very eccentric courses rather than to be doomed to idleness." And many another clergyman could endorse the assertion.

"Now as refusal to satisfy the cravings of the digestive faculty is productive of suffering, so is the refusal to satisfy the craving of any other faculty productive of suffering to an extent proportioned to the importance of that faculty. But as God wills man's happiness, that line of conduct which produces unhappiness is contrary to His will." And—"To consider how often the same things come in life, as meals, sleep, diversion, it might make not only a resolute, a wretched, or a wise, but even a delicate person wish to die. But in actions, enterprises, and desires, there is a remarkable variety which we perceive with great pleasure, whilst we begin, advance, rest, go back, recruit, approach, obtain, etc.; whence it is truly said that life without a pursuit is a vain and languid thing. And this holds true both of the wise and unwise indifferently. So Solomon says even a brainsick man seeks to satisfy his desire and meddles in everything. And thus the most potent princes, who have all things at command, yet sometimes choose to pursue low and empty desires, which they prefer to the greatest affluence of sensual pleasures; thus Nero delighted in the harp, Commodus in fencing, Antoninus in racing, etc. *So much more pleasing is it to be active than in possession.*"*

Let us look a little at the state of those left without this "healthy and beneficial employment," and then ask the question why the business of helping themselves may not be tolerated, as well as that of helping others.

We have most of us known what it is to have our existence "bounded by pain," mental or physical, and to make acquaintance, with wonder, perhaps, when the boundary is removed, with all that has passed within our sight and hearing, which yet we have neither seen nor heard. How would it be to live always within horizon so narrow? And there are many other states of existence which have boundaries equally narrow, be the same painful or pleasant. States that last much longer than pain can do. They are those in which one idea has complete possession of the mind, not from the pressure of its own importance, but from the absence of any other. From dearth of subjects we may have our consciousness as much limited as when taken possession of by

* Bacon.

a master thought. Not that we hold our idea with energy or clearness, but that we hold nothing else. If the proof of our existence is that we think, this state is one of half existence. And the narrow bounds of our consciousness may not include the knowledge that there is a better state to which we might attain. We may become enclosed within the narrower circle any day, we may live in it for years, and it may be nobody's fault but our own, for it may be nobody's duty to find us employment, society, or amusement. The faculty of "taking notice," which is so astonishing when it first appears, is one that may be cultivated or deadened like every other. It needs stimulus and motive to keep it in activity; we take slight hold of facts that don't concern us, or only concern us by rousing our amusement or surprise. Those with no strong motive for mental exertion have gradually less and less reason for observing; and less power of retaining what they know. In fact, they live less, and those in whom a mistaken education has stifled their natural activity are only half alive. Any little fact, however trivial, which happens to get possession of a mind like this, bounds it for the time being. Should it produce a painful feeling, they can but helplessly suffer. They have nothing else that they know well enough or can hold fast enough to put in its place. Having no motive for and consequently no habit of controlling their attention it is taken possession of whether they will or no. A disproportionate importance is given to the trifle that for the moment has hold of the mind, and an amount of feeling hung on it that astonishes those accustomed to more varied interests. To a man in prison the appearance of a mouse may be the event of his life. In vain to say that the most important events of a life are not important; in vain that they may perhaps remember for themselves that such things happen every day, that they have no consequences, and are not worth thinking of twice. Before we can execute a resolve not to think of a thing we must have something to put in its place. Merely to say "I will not dwell on this," is still thinking of it, and there are no known means of making a mental vacuum. To put any event in its right place, to form a proper idea of its relative importance, is impossible for a woman who has few to compare it with; since to do so she must compare it with things out of sight. Her feelings may be roused for the day by such a thing as not getting a civil answer to a question, or the neglect of an inquiry about her health, or a small attempt to cheat her out of odd pence.

If ever she is seriously wronged, it supplies a subject for the rest of her life. If she is disappointed in any expectation, however unreasonable, she has generally no means of learning its absurdity, and the disappointment becomes a wrong. At times she may remember to have heard that everlasting talk on her own affairs is somewhat selfish, and so resolves to show that she is not so absorbed as she appears. But all she can possibly do is to throw in a remark that "It does not matter," "It's of no consequence" — which assertions she will make either concerning her year's income, or her morning's walk, with a dim impression that it ought to be true, though she cannot feel it so.

There is another consequence of a solitary uneventful life that not only weakens the mind, but warps it. Sheer vacuity makes a woman fill it with imaginary things, and that in such a manner that she cannot herself distinguish between what is true and what she has invented. A woman leading such a life can become quite positive as to the motives and feelings of those she deals with, and be quite unconscious that it is her own imaginations that she has substituted for them, and chosen to believe in. As her life gets farther and farther removed from actuality, as her circle narrows, her inventions expand, and as this removal leaves the imagination unchecked, the few facts become overrun with such a growth of fictitious concomitants, that she herself could not tell her own history.

The reason is, that "all ideation, as well as perception, is at first synonymous with belief." We only distinguish what has happened from what we have imagined by careful observation, and, in fact, never succeed in perfectly separating them. A first impression, perhaps, must have an outward cause; but the vibration of a nerve produced by a real impression will cause other nerves to vibrate in sympathy, and the ideas conveyed by the nerves so stirred, though not impressions of facts, cannot be distinguished from them. A man in love, a man in fear, really receive impressions given by nothing in the outward world; given by nerves acting from sympathy only with those that have received an impression from without. To sift the true from the imaginary the same experience needs to be gone through again and again, and above all, to be compared with the impressions of others. But if the health is weak, and the impressions from without few and far between, if bodily fatigue never puts the vibrating nerves to rest, and above all, if the few people with whom she can discuss them are in an exactly simi-

lar position, how is a woman to arrive at any knowledge of the actual world? The sympathetic impressions of one in this position often form the greater part of the history of the day, and such days may be repeated for years. False impressions a few times repeated, cannot be distinguished from true ones, for we have no means of knowing one from the other, except their greater frequency and energy.

To receive few impressions, then—to lead the uneventful and almost solitary life which is often thought fit for women—is to approach the borders of insanity; of the state in which the mind cannot distinguish the real from the ideal, and is more under the dominion of the latter than the former.

This habit of mixing the false and the true, this inability to distinguish between them, is found most frequently among those who lead solitary lives. When a miser lives in solitude he soon begins to see a thief in every stranger, just as lonely women have the standard terror of "a man under the bed." If the man mixed with the world, he would know it was not so full of thieves, and most likely know enough of their probable whereabouts and physiognomy not to fear every face he met. The woman with the same advantages would probably not see much reason for a man's putting himself in such an odd position.

But to do this they must have the means of arriving at the truth; the means of controlling and of judging the mental activity which is sympathetic only. The very readiness of the nerves to vibrate proves that greater work for them is desirable. Still their throb we cannot. We can but choose whether it shall convey to our minds a picture of what really exists, or a mere succession of disordered images.

Now the consequence of that mode of conduct which it is generally thought desirable for women to follow, that of resigning their wishes instead of working for them, is that such resignation leads almost irresistibly to solitude. A woman with no work and limited means can have but little motive for mixing with strangers, but a very strong one for remaining secluded and inactive. It is a motive that is in general operation, and the half idiocy that it produces is a universal subject of ridicule. The "unprotected female" is not a woman born with inferior capacity, it is one in whom ignorance and helplessness have been artificially superinduced; a creature as much below the limits of her natural development, as the dwarf trees that are a production of Chinese gardening.

And as most evils have a tendency to provide for their own continuance, it will be found that this one, after having lasted a certain time, is strong enough to have become unconquerable. After a while, the strongest wish, the hardest necessity, cannot force a woman to undergo the miseries and terror of a moderately active life. In the mere presence of a stranger she is as far from calmness as a new recruit under fire. And as fear is never reasonable, nor bears any relation to the importance of the thing feared, there is often as much suffered in one case as in the other. It is melancholy to see a woman in the prime of life, and otherwise healthy, not able to keep her hands and voice from trembling in speaking or even listening to a person whose feelings or opinions may be of no importance to her whatever. It is misery to her not to be able to control her attention, to speak disjointed English, to know that she is for the moment scarcely sane, and to feel that self-control is beyond her power. But self-control comes by practice only. Reasoning, resolution, intellect, without this practice, will not put the cleverest woman on a level with the veriest simpleton whose habits have been more fortunate. All these good qualities, and great knowledge, and stainless life superadded, will not enable a woman to ask a question so as to be intelligible, nor to tell clearly what she knows, nor, of all she knows, to make choice of what ought to be told. For to say just the right thing at the right time, is a habit never perfectly acquired. People come near to it by practice, but a man of the best natural faculty, in the constant habit of speaking to all sorts of people, will often neglect to speak when he ought, or will say something out of place. A woman, without the chance of practice, can no more speak to the purpose than a shooter can hit the mark at the first attempt. The shot often flies so wide as to make it doubtful what she could be aiming at. She is liable to be either over-bold, or over-modest, or over-dignified, to such an extent that the matter in hand, whatever it may be, is quite put into the background by her demonstrations. People generally content themselves with laughing at a deformity to which they think they are not liable, but for women it may be as well to inquire into the cause of it. Let them not say they will know better, they will never behave so foolishly. They might as well make a promise to themselves not to limp with a palsied side. Exposed to the same influences, they will suffer from the same result. It is not a consequence of original mental inferiority. It

arises from causes to which they too are liable, and which will certainly produce on them too the same effect.

There is one small ineffectual remedy for these evils. One that cannot be resorted to in half the cases where a remedy is needed, and that is of very little service when it can be had. When a woman is without any serious employment, and custom forbids her to carry any study far enough to make it a source of interest, she may "see society," "go a great deal into society," and in some few cases may even "see the best society." That is to say, a number of people with nothing to do can meet to seek in company for sources of interest that none of them have got separately.

Against the mere physical effect of shyness this remedy is effective, but against no other of the evils in question. Moreover, only those few who have means can indulge in this anomalous occupation, which has this general result, that the larger the society the less interesting the topics; the less connected the conversation; the less of information and truth there is to be met with. The first condition that people make who meet together in "society" is, that there shall be as little of the collision of varied interests as possible, and the best means of insuring this is not to bring varied interests into play. This makes the whole business so dull, that fictitious ones must be invented. They learn to care for the number of people whom they see on a particular evening, or the value of the dress they wear, etc., etc.; not because of any profit or pleasure therefrom accruing, but because they have set these things before them as objects of pursuit. And having once learned to consider them important, they seldom change. Whatever business has supplied us with activity for a certain time, to it we turn again and again for stimulus; so that from sheer necessity people who have been reduced to "seeing a great deal of society," must continue the same employment. It is more frequent to die from the loss of a customary pursuit, than to invent another to take its place. But this pursuit has an inevitable tendency to put an end to itself. Thus such society is but a short-lived protection from dulness. It leads back again to the enemy and gives one powerless into his hands. It is wise then for women to look out a better means of self-defence, before custom has bound them to the treadmill. When for long years their main motive for talking has been to "do conversation," and their desire in listening rather if possible to believe both sides, and to adopt opposite opinions, than to sift evidence or decide conscientiously, even

this sort of intercourse may become rare, and when the isolation of years comes on, is very likely to be lost altogether.

Parry relates of an infirm old Esquimaux that when he saw his likeness in the glass for the first time he burst into tears, saying, "he should never hunt deer any more." Intercourse with indifferent people is the mirror required by all human beings to keep them in some degree informed concerning their actual selves. Continually we see those who are able to exclude all unwelcome information on this topic, become ridiculous from their ignorance. How often we meet with a rich man who has surrounded himself with inferiors and become absurdly pompous and despotic. How common is the caricature of a woman who does not know she has grown old, who has never got a sight of that mirror that would be held up to her by associates not chosen on condition of being silent or complimentary. Always, even with superior sense and great experience, a limited society soon warps a person's judgment of themselves. What power can a woman have of self-appreciation who, through her whole life, may never have to learn the value other people set upon her, and never or seldom brings her ability to the proof of actual trial? Into one or other extreme she must fall—sometimes of conceit, sometimes of despondency. If she has never heard a free opinion as to her beauty, never put her talents to the proof, never had opportunity to compare her capacity with other people's, she must have more than mortal wisdom to come to a true conclusion.

And this artificial state of misery and ignorance may be the fate of any woman—is most likely to be if their serious interests are managed for them by other people. For, with a limited income, almost the only opening for activity is in the effort to increase it. It is only the rich who can find much occupation in spending money. If some one else is always to have the nerve to ask an unwilling debtor, the clearheadedness to make a bargain, the justice to know what are fair terms, the self-control to keep a point in view, to hold to the right without fear or favour, and ask no more—if all these are provided for them they lose the best and most natural training that life has to give.

Mankind acquire their experience so insensibly that they are continually in danger of denying to their successors the means by which they got it. "Our children shall not have to work, to fight, to strive,"

they invariably resolve, forgetting that God has made effort the only means of acquiring strength, or skill, or patience. With women this kind of education has been more fully carried out than with men—let us say because they were better cared for; but in truth to make the carrying out possible it has had to be decided that their wants were less. They are said not to want, or to be better without, most of the serious interests and employments that can occupy mankind. And no matter if the education profited; for the wants, though they are all there, may wisely be left unsatisfied if such privation were useful to the nurture of a nobler mind. But, once more, estrangement from the world does not make one superior to it. No such definite mechanical rule can be laid down for arriving at anything good. But mutilation, deformity, incapacity, are results much more easily arrived at. When the decent forethought that would make provision for the future has no opening for its gratification, when the want of means prevents the cultivation of any predominating faculty, and no way is taught or permitted of earning money, the sure result of such a life must be to dwarf the intellect that is left untrained, if not to pervert the feelings that are left unoccupied. If the doctrine can be thoroughly carried out it ends like the experiment of teaching the horse to live without food. When the seclusion is complete, and the woman ought to be perfect, she is found to have lost the little faculty she had at first.

So that if it were possible, which it never is, for all a woman's wants to be provided for, she would still be most unhappy if condemned to inactivity, since no human being ever ceases to desire. It is vain to tell them they have this or that, or more than most people. They are made to find pleasure in working more than in having, and the mere knowledge that there is nothing to be gained by activity is enough to make "even a delicate person wish to die, so much more pleasing is it to be active than in possession."

There is another evil to which women, from their poverty, are much more liable than men. In every little circle it is probable that most of them, at least in their youth, habitually lament that "no one can feel as they do," "no one understands them," etc., and spend their lives wishing for a congenial soul to complete their existence. Pains and pleasures that have been lived through since the world began, they imagine themselves to have a monopoly of,

and unconsciously take their power of feeling them as a proof of their superiority; the fact being that they know nothing of the race they belong to, and from sheer isolation are forced into constant contemplation of themselves. Now we are apt to imagine complete congeniality to be one of the greatest blessings the world has to give, but yet it is as well that we are not all after one model, unless it were a better one than now exists. Providence has put within our reach both the "solace of appreciation" and the bracing tonic of opposition. Instead, therefore, of wishing for what they cannot get, and what would not be good for them if they had it, they should endeavor to escape from their isolation and from the poverty that is the cause of it. The alternate collision and sympathy that they meet with will give them a part of what they want, and enable them to dispense with the rest.

There is a very good reason why women soon learn to dislike any activity connected with money matters. At sixteen there is nothing to be ashamed of in their ignorance; but when, for the next ten years, no opportunity occurs of learning, the woman at twenty-six looks not interesting, but silly. It is painful to them to have to deal with strangers with the consciousness of looking like a fool. And this ignorance, like most deficiencies, raises, in the deficient person, a tendency to justify and cultivate it. The more glaring her incapacity, the more disposed she is to make a merit of it, so that it is by no means uncommon for a woman expensively educated to confess with a titter to her ignorance of the first four rules of arithmetic. She justifies herself with the remark that women are not expected to understand such things. Indeed a woman may live to old age and be expected to understand very little. And through her long and helpless life one idea is perpetually recurring. At every want, at every pain, she is indistinctly sensible that she might have some power in herself to help herself. She will make desperate attempts at times. Wonderful follies she will commit when goaded by the consciousness of being utterly powerless, and the suspicion, or certainty, of being wronged. Of course she fails, and probably does herself some harm. The moral she draws is, that "business" is not for women to meddle with. Then, being quite incapable of judging of the conduct of her agents, and never venturing openly to question it, she is always discontented with what she receives, generally asking for impossibilities, and receiving the lukewarm service

that those naturally get who inspire no interest, pay no wages, and whose thanks are known to be insincere.

It is true all this lamentation over the miseries of idleness can only be made by a small number of women. Want of something to do is not the complaint of the majority of the world, either masculine or feminine, for they have their living to earn. But as soon as a woman rises above the lowest working class she comes under the oppression of the social law which forbids her to work, or at least to work to purpose. And writers must address themselves to the reading class, and so get the habit of thinking solely of the small minority called cultivated. Yet even of these there are many who will honestly wonder at the complaint of vacuity in feminine life.

"Don't know what to do!" they will exclaim. "With a baking-day and a cleaning-day in every week! With a washing-day to upset the house periodically, and occasional preparations for visitors to give double work to the housekeeper! It must be all laziness that makes them say there is nothing to do."

And so it is — the laziness that is engendered by want of motive. A paralysing disease to which one generation after another invariably yields as they rise in the world. The zeal and industry, and sometimes the ability, that are so great a help to a man in the lower ranks of life, lose their value as the pair rise above the labouring class. While the man changes from work at a shilling a day to a pound a week, and then still farther improves up to a few thousands a year, the value of a woman's labour never rises beyond the first step, or at most the second. Even if there is need of money there is still but little motive for working at the ill-paid labour she is taught to consider peculiarly her own. If she has abundance, however unthinking her activity may be, however unreasoning her adherence to old custom, she must become aware at last that her earnings, or her savings, which are the same thing, are utterly trivial compared with the means at her command. She must perforce give up the cooking, sewing, etc., from sheer feeling of the ridiculous; even although she may not be able to enter the class at the other end of the scale, where the employment of spending money supplies the place, in some measure, of the business of earning it.

Amongst this class — a class constantly increasing in our prosperous times — the palsy arising from solitude and inactivity gets less and less common. It is not that

work, bodily or mental, is in fashion, but variety and change of scene certainly are. It will soon be impossible to find an "unprotected female." The next generation will wonder to hear of a woman — perhaps forty years old — being unable to perform the operation of getting a railway-ticket and seating herself in a carriage without some one to help and guide her. No doubt this modern activity tends to keep the present generation in better possession of their faculties, and it is probably one reason why a larger number than formerly are clamouring for employment, and are even able to see that that employment should be remunerative. The fashion is against this last condition. The woman who has spent her life till thirty years old, perhaps, attending balls, bazaars, and fashionable crowds of all kinds; who has begged of strangers, corresponded with tradespeople, sung at amateur concerts, etc., etc., may suddenly be brought to poverty, and find herself in total ignorance of the way to manage her own affairs. And the reason why no knowledge on the subject was ever given her, was that crowds, strangers, publicity, wandering from home, etc., were inconsistent with her feminine tastes and natural functions!

The fact that, so soon as their means enable them, young women prefer publicity, wandering, and variety, and get as much of it as possible, proves that the contrary life is not their own choice. It is the natural, and in their case the only, means of making acquaintance with the world they live in. If they are taught to give up their inclinations as a matter of duty, they will certainly say they prefer the life laid out for them, however gloomy, and will blush to be found escaping from it. They are not hypocritical in saying they like their state of privation. Fasting, solitude, and celibacy have been the real choice of many, yet it is false to say that such a life was in accordance with their nature. The idlest sort of gossip is better than this. True, there are many things better than gossip; but such things are not always within feminine reach.

When women have outlived the protection given to their childhood, and when the hopefulness of youth has faded, there are still two causes which are very effective in preventing them from changing the life they have been used to, even when their convictions have changed; these are, ill health and the fear of giving offence to those on whom they depend.

The physical state produced by inertia is not necessarily one of illness that a doc-

tor would give a name to and attempt to cure, but it is one in which the pains of life very much predominate over its pleasures. Women whose social code forbids them any strenuous exertion of body or mind, are a helpless prey to their own impressionability. It is torture to anyone so suffering to go through the small delays, rebuffs, and anxieties that make up a working-day. It would not be possible for them to do more. The mere contemplation of a new and difficult undertaking would make them ill. The worst effect of their position has been produced in depriving them of the power of escape from it.

The other objection is felt by many women who are vigorous, healthy, and capable. By taking any step to secure their own prosperity they know they would lose the good-will of those on whom they depend. Of what use is it to cultivate, slowly and painfully, the skill to provide for themselves when they would forfeit by so doing the provision made already? What if their efforts failed after they had burnt their ships by offending their providers? The power of those who are able to maintain them is more likely to injure their prospects than their own untaught efforts are to secure prosperity. This is so sure, that women who can find anyone able to bear the burden of maintaining them are generally ready to take a common-sense view of the matter, and live under direction, even where there may be no good-will in the case at all. They may know well, and have the proof of experience, that no regard for their interests, or even respect for their rights, is felt by their master, but—he maintains them. Out of the warm nest of childhood, where no cold wind can chill them, they have passed by degrees to the uncertain protection of their equals, and then, perhaps, to the neglect of strangers. In every stage the desire to control them, to dictate their conduct, has some share in the help they receive, and the farther they advance from childhood the more likely it is to supply the place of affection altogether. We have seen how men, with the best will in the world, can expose them to a life sure to make them helpless, and often bring them to the borders of idiocy. What is to be expected without even this good-will?

Nor are the protectors to be blamed if their help is imperfect and their direction ill-judged. If a woman comes to poverty in her incapable old age, on her and her alone the responsibility rests. Submission

is not the duty of any one arrived at years of discretion. Those who suffer from errors are evidently those whose duty it is to avoid them, and unless they could delegate the one half of their destiny, it is of no use shirking the other.

The evils here described are not rare or slight ones. Though some may doubt whether they are ascribed to the right cause, every one will recognise their existence. The scanty supply of facts and interests, the unreadiness and incapacity in dealing with them, the inclination to ramble and exaggerate, and especially to imagine, are all “exquisitely feminine,” and are faults to which women are particularly liable; faults or misfortunes—no matter for the name if the description inspires them with the desire to guard themselves against them; for they may take this warning to their hearts—on themselves, on their foresight, their exertion, it depends to save themselves from this conclusion. All the world is ignorant, and nearly all indifferent as to what may be the best means of promoting their welfare; and they have a right to be so. So imperfect is the power we possess of appreciating the needs and sufferings of each other, that with the best will in the world, and the means to indulge it, men will often keep the women belonging to them in that state of helpless inertia that is “enough to make even a delicate person wish to die.” The weariness of monotony they know little of; the helplessness that comes of it they attribute to innate incapacity, and quote as a reason for continuing the regimen. Their opinions or their tastes cannot be a reason for submitting to a burden that they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers. Not to them is it given—nor to the authority of custom, nor the teaching of friends, nor the gossiping judgment of small communities, though all these are things to profit by, and some of them things to value—not to them is it given to take the conduct of a woman's life out of her own hands. Against the evils she suffers from she must struggle for herself. There is little real good will in those who make quiescence a condition of their assistance. If women suffer from poverty, let them earn money; if from want of interests, let them manage their own affairs, and secure the liberty to choose their own pursuits. If they are forbidden by the power that has command of the purse, this is poverty in another shape; there is no merit in submitting to these evils; it is no duty to bear them if they can be removed. T.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MOOR PARK AND SWIFT.

PASSING Cobbett's birthplace, 'the Jolly Farmer,' and the Farnham railway station, I soon quitted the main road for a by-road on the left. The hedgerow-bank among other flowers showed an abundance of the greater celandine, with its yellow four-petaled bloom and beautifully cut green leaf. Neither this, nor Wordsworth's friend, its lesser namesake, (which is of the *ranunculus* tribe — this of the poppy) nor any other of yellow wild-flowers equals in richness of colour the common king-cup at its best. It tells wonderfully in a field nosegay. Never king of Thule quaffed his wine from so rich-hued a goblet.

This spring, though strangely broken by three or four patches of winter, has been profuse of wild flowers, at least on the south coast of England, especially of primrose, lesser celandine, stitchwort, red campion, king-cup, water crowfoot. Blue-bells were less plentiful. The hawthorns, which burst into sudden bloom, as the nightingales into song, in the warm beginning of May, stopped short, as the birds also were stricken dumb, in those three weeks of unnatural cold which made 'hoary-headed frosts fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,' and blighted many a walnut tree, mulberry, and myrtle in cottage-gardens, as well as countless ridges of the 'famine-root' abhorred by Cobbett, for which he cursed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. The later-leaved forest trees, oak and ash, are also many of them scorched as by fire; but *not* these two broad spreading oaks that overshadow the steep lane descending to Moor Park, and under whose branches Jonathan Swift must so often have passed, during the nine or ten years of which he spent the best part at this place, between the age of 25 and 31. From the name of it, and from finding mention of its loneliness, I had always fancied Moor Park to be a bleak solitary place. It is but two miles from Farnham, and in a richly wooded vale. The little Wey winds through meadow-ground, steepish slopes rising on either hand, forest-like with large oaks, horse-chestnuts, beeches, lindens, mixed with the pillared shade of dusky firs. Moor Park House is now an ugly stuccoed building, the old walls, or part of them, still forming its core. The garden slopes to the river; the lane crosses the river by a little bridge, then, turning sharp to the right, passes in front of the white mansion and along the vale, a rural grass-grown avenue (public,

but unfrequented), — the tree-shaded high bank on your left hand, the watery meadow-fields with willows and osiers, on your right; and the parallel shady slope beyond. A mile or so of this brings you to another bridge, a mill, a main-road winding up the shoulder of Crooksbury Hill; and little beyond this bridge, in a shady park, are the ruins of Waverley Abbey. Moor Park House was lately a water-cure establishment, but is now again a private residence. Up the steep bank close by, fir-shaded, from which you can look down the chimneys, Sir William Temple's amanuensis used to run violently of a morning, in hopes of improving his health, and putting to rout his sick headaches; and perhaps did himself more harm than good. In some solitary recess of these woods the same moody youth used to sit reading by the hour, trying to forget the last rebuke of his dignified patron, and all the countless vexations which a proud, irritable temper finds or contrives for itself; and to a cold caught in his damp woodland study, he attributed a deafness which afterwards increased and afflicted him all his life. The sunny shady hill-slope here of red-stemmed Scotch pines, and the grass-grown lane and valley beneath it are haunted for me by the figure of a tall gaunt young man, rapid and abrupt in gesture, of dusky complexion and somewhat grim look, who hits one in passing with a glance from prominent blue eyes, suspicious, penetrating; hurries on muttering, and strides into the thicket. An odd little fatherless child at Dublin, brought up on the charity of uncles; a sarcastic, insubordinate student of T. C. D.; a discontented young man, penniless, of little promise, not knowing which way to turn; for his mother's sake (she herself dependent on relations) taken under the patronage and into the house of the dignified excourtier and man of letters, to do the part of a humble kind of secretary; vague schemes in his head of attempting literary work; an uncertain hope of getting into some sort of career by the help of his patron's influence; already, at twenty-two, suffering from frequent ill health; already a moody, despondent, irritable human being, — I could see young Jonathan Swift, haunting these lonely avenues and fir-tree slopes; and when I got home after this ramble, I tried to sift out and make clearer to myself such facts as are presented (sometimes too vaguely, and mixed up with evident inaccuracies, and statements without authority) by the various biographers.

One thing seems to me highly proba-

ble, — that Swift was born with a tendency to brain disease, and that it came on gradually from an early period of life, causing the giddiness and other distressing symptoms from which he often suffered, and sinking him at last into the sad condition of his closing years. After death, his brain was found to be loaded with water.

The Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, near Ross in Herefordshire, took the king's side in the great Civil War, and thereby suffered much loss. At his death he left 13 or 14 children, but ill off. The eldest son, Godwin, was called to the bar, and received a legal office in Ireland. His good fortune drew three more of his brothers to that country, William, Jonathan, and Adam. Jonathan, an attorney, had the place of steward or under-treasurer at the King's Inn, Dublin; but some two years after his appointment he died suddenly at an early age, leaving his widow in destitution, with an infant daughter, and the expectation of another child. This fatherless child, a son, was born on the 30th of November, 1667, probably in Hoyer's Court, Dublin, but this is not quite certain. His nurse, a native of Whitehaven, carried him out of affection to that place, and kept him there during the first three years of his life, after which little Jonathan was brought back to Ireland, and at six years old sent to Kilkenny School, his uncle Godwin undertaking the charge of his support and education. In his fifteenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he continued some seven years, gaining little credit either for conduct or study. The Student, poor and dependent (and hating his dependence and what he deemed his uncle's parsimony), was a *mauvais sujet*, irregular in attendance, given to 'town-haunting,' contemptuous to those above him, audacious in lampoon. He obtained his 'B. A.' with difficulty, and, after this, in the course of two years, incurred over seventy penalties, was publicly admonished, and subsequently, being convicted of insolence to the junior dean, had his degree suspended, and was forced to crave pardon in public. In 1689, being then in his twenty-second year, this unruly young man, a nuisance to the learned authorities, and a heartburn to his own relations (Godwin was dead, but another uncle had carried the youth on), left college without money, character, or definite prospect of any kind. Sailing to England, likely in some little coasting-vessel, young Jonathan Swift sets off on foot to his anxious poor mother at Leicester, a tall awk-

ward youth, with large observant blue eyes, and a drily sarcastic tongue which he delights to exercise upon carriers, tramps, tavern-keepers, and whomsoever the cheap wayfarer falls in with, having, in fact, a taste for amusing himself with low company.

Though an irregular student, the lad is, in his own way, much addicted to books, and has read a large quantity. He has also tried his hand at scribbling, and carries an old pocket-book crammed with verse-jottings, not odes to the moon or his mistress's eyebrow, but lampoons and epigrams, personal and political — on the Queen's *accouchement*, the Prince of Orange, the Dublin actresses, doctors, college dons, &c., often coarse enough in phrase.* He has noted the political movements of the time, is inclined, apparently, to divert himself with the manners of the lower class of people, and at the same time to observe (if he had the chance) the ways of courts and cabinets, and of those great folk who pull the strings of the puppet-show. Towards intermediate mankind, the 'respectable' classes in general, all their thoughts and doings, his attitude is one of habitual contempt, now and again concentrated into anger. They are dunces and fools, their manners dull, their actions base, their objects despicable.

While Jonathan stayed with his mother at Leicester (it could not have been more than a few months) he entertained his leisure in a manner not at all unusual with him, by making up to a pretty girl of that place, by the name of Miss Betty Jones, who was of the decent middle class, and not without a share of education and refinement. Meanwhile, Mrs. Swift having made humble application on behalf of her son to the great Sir William Temple, who had some knowledge of her, and received a gracious reply, the youth set off southward, and joined the household of Sir William, now some time retired from active public life, and resident on a small estate which he had purchased near Farnham, in Surrey. The ex-ambassador and diplomatist was at this time a handsome stately man of sixty, with a courtesy that easily rose to haughtiness, and a love of letters that was not without a flavour of pedantry. He had transacted with success various high negotiations in his time, especially between England and the States of Holland, was twelve years ambassador at the Hague, had been in favour with King Charles, and was now in favour

* 'Pocket-book' still extant: Wild's *Last Years of Dean Swift*, p. 122.

with King William. He was fortunate in his birth, in his marriage, and in every step of his career, and had gathered honours not only in statesmanship, but also in the field of literature. He was fond of reputation, and as fond of ease and comfort; perhaps a little irritable; certainly not a little vain of his diplomacy, his learning, his gardening, his person, and of all belonging to him; moreover a precise, methodical, and loftily respectable gentleman in every particular, no doubt worshipped by his Dorothea, and looked on with more or less of awe by every one near him. It has been said, and often repeated, that Mrs. Swift was related to Lady Temple, but for this I find no evidence. Sir Thomas Temple, Sir William's father, was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and there had known and patronised the Swift family, many of whom were connected with the law.

Jonathan Swift, we observe, never had a father to guide him, never had an early home to look back to with sacred recollections. From the age of six to fourteen he was at Kilkenny school, and had rough treatment most likely. When he spoke of his early years, which he seldom did, it was not tenderly but bitterly: his uncle 'gave him the education of a dog.' Dublin College was no Alma Mater; he despised its men and broke its rules. But to the mother who bore him he was ever reverential and affectionate, visiting her regularly, it would seem, once a year, when he walked to Leicester for the purpose.

And now here is Jonathan at Moor Park, in his twenty-second year, clever, awkward, sensitive, proud, insubordinate, with a strong Dublin brogue, unused to society, ready enough to be moved to contempt or sarcasm by the formalities of polite company, yet, at the same time, very willing to study the manners and views of the great, whom he for the first time has a chance of seeing close at hand, and awe-struck, in spite of himself, by the high reputation and dignified manners of Sir William. The rough Dublin student finds himself in a totally new scene of life. But the position is far from agreeable; he seldom if ever dines at Sir William's table, and shares his conversation on a distant and dependent footing. He does his daily business as copyist and amanuensis, listens and replies with forced humility, glides moodily out of the house, avoiding alike the servants and superiors of the family, and runs up and down a steep slope behind it for exercise, or sits for hours reading in a solitary place among the woods. He is lonely, anxious, discontented, knows not

what to turn to, or what is to become of him; loathes his perpetual and inevitable condition of dependence, and fancies an insult in every word or look of those about him. One comfort he has, in a dark-eyed pretty child of six or seven years old, daughter of Mrs. Johnson the housekeeper, a widow, and 'tis said a distant cousin of the Temples. Young Swift spends many a spare hour in teaching little Esther, and though he is ever grave and almost hard in his manner even with her, there is evidently a good feeling between teacher and pupil, and no other portion of his time passes so agreeably. But this little solace is not enough to prevent his discontent and gloom growing thicker upon him, much increased by frequent fits of ill health. 'A natural daughter of Temple's,' some call Esther, without any evidence. That Sir William, aged sixty, should bring a 'natural daughter' of six years old, and her mother, to the house with himself and his wife, to whom he was always tenderly attached, is not the most likely thing in the world.

Young Swift became so ill and restless at Moor Park, that it was agreed he should return to Ireland for change of air and scene. He went, but did not stay many months, and came back (very likely on advice of friends and new reflections in his own mind) to Moor Park towards Christmas: this being in the year 1690 — the battle of the Boyne lost and won, and King James — 'Dirty Shemus' — finally fled to France. Jonathan's life here went on much as before — his health no better; but by degrees the great man admitted him nearer to his confidence.

About this time young Swift received, from a certain Rev. John Kendall of Leicestershire (a relative of his) a letter on the subject of Miss Betty Jones, about whose flirtation, or whatever it was, with young Jonathan the scandal-mongers of Leicester had been busying themselves. The young gentleman at Moor Park replies to this in a curious letter, civil enough towards his correspondent, but defiant of the world in general, and in particular of 'the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be.' He says he has behaved to 'twenty women' in the same way as to Miss Betty Jones, 'without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence.' As to marriage,

he is resolved not to think of it till he settles his fortune in the world; and even then, 'I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world.' He is apt to talk with women, he says, because there is something in him 'which must be employed;' and during these seven weeks that he has been lonely at Moor Park, since his return from Ireland, he has, for the same reason, writ and burnt and writ again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England.* A great person in Ireland 'used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike.' Among his tentative scribbings in Sir William's library, and during his rambles out of doors, young Swift has jotted down many notes for an odd kind of satire on the church controversies of which he hears so much talk, and the respective tenets of the Church of England, Popery, and Dissent. He himself is thinking of entering the Established Church, not willingly, for he does not feel himself to be well fitted for a clergyman, but because he cannot see any other opening.

In 1692 he is admitted to the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, afterwards visiting his mother at Leicester. At Oxford he says, 'I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. . . . I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend: and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish, because (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him, and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him.'*

This state of things at last came to a rupture between them, Swift going over to Ireland in May 1694, with the resolution to be ordained there, and 'make what endeavours I can for something in the Church.'† But he found unexpected difficulties, and was reduced to address a most submissive letter from Dublin to Sir William (October 6, 1694), requesting from his 'honour' a certificate of good behaviour, without which he could not gain admission to the ministry: 'The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is,

whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for *infirmities*.' Sir William sent the certificate, and Swift took 'deacon's orders,' took 'priest's orders' a couple of months after (January 1695), and was appointed (probably through Sir William's influence) to the small benefice of Kilroot, worth about 100*l*. a year. He was now twenty-seven years old. This Kilroot, a parish situated near Carrickfergus in the county Antrim, was a *prebend* in the diocese of Connor (allowance for the support of a clergyman of the cathedral). The prebend is now Kilroot and Templecorran, and the diocese Down, Connor, and Dromore.

The prebendary moped at Kilroot; Sir William missed him at Moor Park; before many months were gone Swift was again (1696) under the same roof with his patron, and with Hussy Johnson. He resigned his benefice, and continued to reside at Moor Park for the next three years, that is till Sir William's death in 1699.*

Hussy Johnson, thirteen years and three months younger than Jonathan Swift, was fifteen years old when he returned to Moor Park. She had been sickly from her childhood, but now grew into perfect health, a beautiful and agreeable young woman, 'only a little too fat,' with dark eyes and hair, of graceful manners and intelligent mind. In the society of this delightful girl, whose studies he directed, and who almost worshipped him; and on a footing of increased confidence with his patron, upon whose influence he relied for some suitable promotion when an opportunity should arrive, Parson Swift must have spent three comparatively comfortable years. We do not hear him grumbling and growling. He writes a book of singular ability, full of odd humour and satiric fancy, coloured indeed with the general temper of his mind, but not so imbued with vitriolic cynicism as most of his later writings. This was the *Tale of a Tub*, published anonymously in 1704, along with *The Battle of the Books*, and never acknowledged by the author. The *Tale of a Tub*, wonderfully clever as it is, has perhaps been ranked higher as a literary work than it deserves. It has a great reputation; and some choice parts, like Lord Peter's declaring the loaf to be a shoulder of mutton, are often quoted. But, though not long, the

* Letter to his uncle William, from Moor Park, Nov. 29, 1692.

† Letter to his cousin Deane Swift, June 3, 1694.

* The gossiping stories of the cause of Swift's leaving Kilroot, his manner of going, his handing over the living to a poor clergyman, are the merest rubbish.

book is seldom read through, and as a whole is not very readable. It is amorphous. Scarcely half of it is occupied with the fragmentary history of Peter, Martin, and Jack; the other half consisting of intercalary chapters in a strain of grave irony, chiefly on the petty literary controversies of the day. A notable and characteristic performance, it hardly shows a right to be classed among the finished treasures of English literature, though Dr. Johnson rated it far above all Swift's other writings, including *Gulliver*. The abundant images and illustrations, often ingenious and pithy, are at best the product of a whimsical fancy, not of a humorous or witty imagination; they are clever but not truthful and delightful, not exhilarating, nor satisfying. The foul smell, too, which so often exhales from Swift's pages, is perceived throughout. This *Tale*, which occupied the author several years, was written, he says, 'to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion;' but it did not come out of any serious purpose, nor by the method of it could any useful result have been possibly attained. The broad Rabelaisian jesting on Peter and Jack threw no kind of light upon Catholicism or Calvinism. Swift's own convictions, now and afterwards, were of the negative kind. He perhaps believed in nothing save Orderliness and Industry, though earnestly disbelieving in many things, which is more than some people do. He hated injustice and misgovernment. He despised the dulness and meanness of mankind.

The Battle of the Books, written during the same period as the *Tale of a Tub*, and published along with it, has all the characteristics of Swift's style, quiet and cultivated irony, happy description (as of the spider's web), and a taste for rough vulgar abuse and coarse jesting, patches of which come in here and there. *The Battle*, written to please Sir William Temple, in the controversy on Ancient and Modern Learning, between Temple and Boyle on one side and Bentley and Wotton on the other, is intrinsically worthless, and contains no atom of argument. Bentley was a man of real learning, Sir William a dilettante, Swift but Sir William's partisan. It is noticeable that neither Temple nor Swift, in speaking of modern writers, makes the least allusion to Shakespeare.

It is plain that Swift, in these years at all events, had no intention of making Hussy Johnson his wife; perhaps because he had known her from childhood, and been 'always with her in the house, but to marry *somebody* he was always intending, or rather

half-intending. He longed for a wife, — he feared matrimony; he fell in love (after a manner of his own) with this girl and that, — he looked round and saw very few happy marriages, and many poor men overweighed with large families. For a long while he could not make up his mind to marry because his plans were unsettled and his maintenance too small; then he found that he was too old and his habits too fixed. But almost from his boyhood to the decline of life, Swift was engaged in successive intimacies with virtuous and cultivated women. Some of these friendships lasted through many years. Several of the ladies had more or less hope of becoming his wife; but they were all disappointed.

It does not appear at what precise time Swift first met Miss Jane Waryng, a young lady of the north of Ireland, sister of his 'chum,' or chamber-fellow at Trinity College, Dublin; he probably, while at Kilroot, renewed a former acquaintance with her; and in the year of his return to Moor Park (1696), we have a letter of his addressed to her under the fancy name of 'Varina,' speaking of their engagement, and urging its speedy fulfilment. This letter, dated April 29, which would seem to have been written at Belfast, or some other sea-port town in that part, is the most artificial thing I know from Swift's hand. 'It is so, by heaven! the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty, . . . a thousand graves lie open,' &c. He continued his correspondence with Miss Waryng all through his last residence at Moor Park, and there is no reason to think that his daily intercourse with Esther Johnson had any intentional colour of courtship on it.

In May, 1699 (x. s.), somewhat unexpectedly it would seem, though he was over seventy years old, Sir William Temple died, leaving his secretary unprovided with any permanent maintenance, but bequeathing him 100*l.*, and the privilege of editing, for his own benefit, Sir William's writings. And so the Rev. Mr. Swift, aged 32, takes his last leave of Moor Park; comes to London; publishes Temple's works (the *Tale of a Tub* still quiet in his desk); memorials King William, and applies whatever court-influence he has, with the object of getting some church-living, but does not succeed. At length he accepts the post of chaplain and private secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and attends his lordship to Dublin Castle. To Ireland he constantly gravitates, in spite of himself. Swift and Lord Berkeley soon quarrelled; the secretariship was

given to a Mr. Bushe; Swift lampooned the earl and the secretary, though he kept on good terms with the countess and the other ladies of the family, and amused them with *jeux d'esprit*, such as the 'Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris.' After a year or so (in 1700), having been refused the deanery of Derry, he was given, to get rid of him, a little bunch of livings, Agher, Laracor, and Rathbigan, in the diocese of Meath, in all worth about 200*l.* a year, and went to live at Laracor glebe house, two miles from Trim and twenty from Dublin. Here he improved the house, made a canal at the foot of the garden, stocked it with pike, and planted willows on the edge. He also put the church in repair, preached every Sunday, and played the part of country vicar with at least an 'average assiduity.' Before quitting Dublin he wrote a letter to Miss Jane Waryng, beginning, 'Madam, — I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate.' 'You would know,' he says, 'what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over.' Is it owing 'to the thoughts of a new mistress?' 'I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself.' He goes on to speak most disdainfully of her mother and her family, calling her home 'a sink,' asks whether she is healthy enough to marry, can put up with solitude and a poor way of living, can promise to obey him in everything, show no ill humours, &c., all in the harshest tone. 'I singled you out from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover.' Not being a common lover, certainly! Exit poor Jane Waryng, no longer 'Varina.' That Swift at one time intended to marry her, is certain, unless the two letters are forgeries; and does not this dispose of several of the biographical theories?

Now (1710) he is vicar of Laracor; and odd to say, Miss Johnson, late of Moor Park, is coming over to live at the town of Trim, within a walk of Laracor. Sir William has left her a bit of leasehold land in the county Wicklow, as well as a sum of money, and for that reason, in addition to others, she may as well live in Ireland. She comes over accordingly, with an elder companion, a Mrs. Dingley, who has a small income of

her own; and the two ladies go into lodgings in Trim. Esther Johnson is now twenty, a beautiful and sensible young woman, somewhat fat, with intelligent dark eyes, black eyebrows and lashes, and black hair; her countenance at once soft and piquant; the forehead broad for a woman's, and of a very fine curve. Her manners are full of natural grace, with a sort of gentle sprightliness; her conversation always agreeable; she knows how to be silent and how to speak with pleasant effect, though not possessing nor pretending to any remarkable intellectual gifts. On Swift, her tutor, the friend of her childhood and maidenhood, she looks with constant reverence and admiration, under which lies hid a tenderer feeling. She is very gentle and submissive, but no coward: she can rebuke a troublesome fool, and even scare away a midnight burglar on occasion. She is hoping (yet very doubtfully, I imagine) to be Swift's wife, although as yet he has never said or hinted anything of marriage. His manner to her, now dictatorial, now playful, anon both at once, is part fatherly, part lover-like — so far as a caressing phrase or intonation, scarcely beyond. With all their intimacy, he always reserves himself, and she is ever somewhat in awe. Esther and her Mrs. Dingley being settled in their lodgings in the little town of Trim, are constantly visited by the vicar of Laracor, and pay him visits in return; and when Doctor Swift leaves home, the two ladies come and live at the vicarage during his absence. There is at first plenty of gossip in the neighbourhood on all this, which the doctor much disregards, being at the same time scrupulously careful in his demeanour to the ladies, never seeing Esther without Mrs. Dingley, and equally attentive to both.

In the spring of 1710 he heard of the death, at Leicester, of his 'dear mother,' aged seventy, and recorded it in an account-book, with this addition: 'I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice and charity, she is there.' Of Swift's life at Laracor, his oddities in church, his whimsical clerk Roger Cox, several well known anecdotes are in circulation, few if any of which are authentic. He appears to have made a visit every year, or nearly every year, to London; and when he was deputed by the Irish bishops to move the ministry and the queen to a remission of a sum deducted by the crown, under the name of 'first fruits,' from the incomes of the Irish clergy (at first a papal impost, for crusading

purposes), this enabled him to sojourn in England from the beginning of 1708 till the spring of the next year. He had already become acquainted with the wits, and intimate with some of the best of them — Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and others. He was also on familiar terms with several of the leading Whig statesmen, especially Somers and Halifax. On their behalf (and his own) he turned political pamphleteer, watched the changes of court weather, and waited confidently for preferment. To Esther he remained always the kind friend and adviser, but marriage was less and less in his thoughts. Conscious of his strength, proved in trials, personal and literary, with the most famous men of the time; never amorous, though much attracted to the company of women who suited his tastes; the excitements of party conflict and London society, along with the ambition of rising to a position suitable to his talents, occupied his mind almost altogether in these years. It was fully understood by his acquaintance that he was Esther Johnson's friend and guardian, and no more; and when the Rev. Dr. Tisdall proposed for her hand, Swift wrote to him to say that he had no objection to the match. But Esther had objections, and Tisdall sued in vain. The *Tale of a Tub*, which appeared anonymously in 1704, was much talked about, and attributed to many writers in town. Swift's intimates knew whose it was, but he never directly acknowledged it. Among the knowing, it gave him rank among the first order of 'wits'; but it also opened a point of attack for his enemies (of whom, as a satirist and partisan, he had many), which they did not neglect to use. On Church questions Swift was always 'High,' so far as stoutly sticking for all the external possessions and privileges of the established clergy. In this he differed from his Whig friends, and when he found it impossible to get from them what he wanted, either for the Irish Church or for Dr. Swift, he sheered off, and was ready to attach himself to Mr. Harley, when that statesman led the Tories into office in 1710. Swift, this impending, hastened again from Ireland to London, on the Irish clergy's behalf and his own; and soon set his pen busy, in pamphlet and squib, on the side of Harley's party. His political pamphlets (he often lamented afterwards to have so spent his time) were highly able and successful, and the ready, telling, and well informed writer became a person of some importance to ministers (though, perhaps, not so high as he rated himself), and could play the patron among his acquaintance, getting this and that

preferment or sinecure for people whom he knew or were recommended to him. For himself he got nothing, being too proud to make a direct request, and his expectations and merits well known; and his recompense during several years consisted in the glory of being intimate and influential with certain great ministers, and able to behave to them with a kind of pseudo-equality of demeanour, — for after all it was a little too conscious and self-asserting. Along with these feelings, be it remembered, he had always a genuine desire to be of use to persons of desert, especially when there was friendship in the case. Swift's friendships were sincere and lasting; and though he took extraordinary pains to cultivate his intimacy with Harley and St. John as eminent statesmen, and boasted of it continually in his own manner, there went with this a real attachment to them as friends, which survived their loss of power.

This longest visit to London extended from September 1710 to June 1713, ætatis sue XLIII.—XLVI.; and an uncommonly particular and interesting account of it survives in a series of private letters, partly in form of a diary, and commonly called his *Journal to Stella* — this being his favourite pet name for Hussy Johnson. Stella, for her part, must have often been lonely and sad enough during this long absence, during which her years were counted from 29 to 33, and she felt herself passing out of the fair land of youth. She and Mrs. Dingley kept house at Laracor vicarage, their amusement, beside walking and a few books, being usually *ombre* with Dr. Raymond, vicar of Trim, and two or three other neighbours; their chief pleasure — Stella's at least — to receive and answer Dr. Swift's letters from London. The brook at Laracor, edged with willows, still creeps under its little bridge down to the river Boyne, but the site of Swift's vicarage is now 'an ill tilted potato-garden' * (or was some years ago), a trace of the pond just discernible, and of the house but one fragment of a gable-wall remaining.

One of the finest interests in biography is to note the unconsciousness of the actor as to what is before him; for the actor of a life is not like the actor of a play, who has his part arranged and studied. Swift in these days looked to an early return to Laracor, and a peaceful life with Stella and her companion. It seems to me most likely, on the whole — indeed, all but certain — that it never at any time was seriously in Swift's mind to marry Stella. *There is no proof that he ever*

* Wilde's *Boyne and Blackwater*, p. 97.

thought of it, much less that he did it, as is usually stated,—last, without hint of a doubt, by Mr. Thackeray. The only evidence for it is a hearsay story, and that very ill founded. Swift wrote to Tisdall when he courted Esther, 'I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the most I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: . . . the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune in losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world.'* Swift's relation to Stella throughout seems to me in no respect mysterious, but perfectly intelligible and in accordance with his character. He was her instructor, guardian, intimate friend and companion—nothing warmer at any time.

In London Swift gradually became intimate at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh (pr. *Vanumry*), a rich widow, with two daughters. Vanhomrigh was a Dutchman, a commissary in Ireland for King William, and afterwards a commissioner of revenue there. His widow, an Englishwoman, came over to reside in London after his death. The beginning of Swift's acquaintance with this family is not indicated, but he probably knew something of them in Ireland.

Mrs. Van's eldest daughter, Esther, is now a charming girl of nineteen, intellectual and accomplished; she is fond of reading, and Doctor Swift, in his leisure moments, assists and directs her studies. It grows by degrees into a kind of semi-pedantic flirtation on his side, such as suits his taste; for he does not relish ladies' acquaintance, unless where he can more or less play the preceptor. With his acquaintance of both sexes, indeed, he must always be allowed a touch of domineering. Esther Vanhomrigh, for her part, grows thoroughly, passionately, irrevocably in love with the great dean, who, when he pleases, is the most delightful company in the world, and even whose sarcasm and imperiousness have, with women, a fondling tone.

The first-fruits affair was settled in November, yet Swift remains in London, with personal views. 'Farewell, dearest beloved

MD [Stella], and love poor, poor Presto [himself], who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. It is the last sally [attempt for promotion, I understand] I will ever make; but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest, than the last [ministry]; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more.' 'I will not be disappointed,' for I shall not, is an Irishism. Swift's turns of phrase, as well as his jokes, are not unfrequently of Irish fashion; and it is on record that he spoke with a brogue, to which indeed many of his rhymes testify. Mr. Thackeray thinks that Swift had nothing whatever of the Irishman but the accident of his birth; but it is impossible to suppose that in twenty of the most impressive years of his life, which Swift spent in Ireland, he could have failed to receive some stamp of Hibernicism, and in fact it is visible enough.

Here let me ask, how can the following odd mistake, or string of mistakes, have come to appear in edition after edition of our good Leigh Hunt's book on *The Town*? Swift's introduction to the Vanhomrighs is described; the young lady 'fell in love with him;' 'but unluckily he was married; and most unluckily he did not say a word about the matter. It is curious to observe in the letters which he sent over to Stella (his wife), with what an affected indifference he speaks of the Vanhomrighs,' &c. &c. 'When he left England, Miss Vanhomrigh, after the death of her mother, followed him, and proposed that he should either marry or refuse her. He would do neither. At length both the ladies, the married and unmarried, discovered their mutual secret—a discovery which is supposed ultimately to have hastened the death of both. Miss Vanhomrigh's survival of it was short—not many weeks.*' In this account, for want of investigation, Leigh Hunt (one of the most kind-intentioned of men) does Swift a grievous injustice. The great modern humourist who lectured on Swift—with a certain strong bias of dislike—though he knew better than to commit so great a blunder as the above, has made several absolute assertions upon very insufficient authority; among the rest that 'he married Hester Johnson,' and that she was 'Temple's natural daughter.'

Months went on; the doctor dining constantly with Harley and St. John (and drinking a good deal of wine, as his habit

* April 20, 1704.

* *The Town*: ed. 1858, pp. 366, 70.

was), and his friends expecting every day to hear of his getting 'a lean bishopric or a fat deanery,' as Lord Peterborough wrote to him about this time. Swift in his reply says, 'my ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me in honour.' In the same letter he says, 'I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more,' and in fact, with his income of only two to three hundred pounds a year, he must often have been low in pocket. He complains of the cost of hackney coaches, and when it rains, calls it 'twelve-penny weather.' His writings have brought him no money; he disdained to trade with the publishers, and indignantly refused 50*l.* offered him by Harley on account of the *Examiner*. Altogether, he holds up his head haughtily among the great folk. The 'wits' he decidedly looks down upon, tossing Steele (until they quarrelled) a *Tatler* now and again.

Swift's right position would have been that of a statesman and administrator of great affairs, and he knew this very well. Hustled unwillingly into an Irish vicarage, he forced himself into notice by his personal and literary powers, and expected sooner or later to become an English bishop and lord of parliament; and expected justly too, I think. He desired power and dignity. He was fitted to govern, and would certainly have managed his diocese with equity and care, as well as superior ability.

As to Swift's relations to most people, it seems to me that he was probably a very good-natured man to those who were in want of any kind of help, at the same time that he desired to appear rough and ungracious, partly out of whim, partly to avoid being imposed on (which he hated), and to escape thanks and sentimentalism. His words are full of harshness, and apparent grudging; but in fact his life long he was busy serving others, in ways suitable to his mind and temper. He says himself (in a letter to Pope) that he detested that animal called *man*, yet loved John, Peter, Thomas, and this is true. His *sæva indignatio* was against the stupidity, injustice, and ingratitude of mankind. To individuals he was constant and tender. Mr. Thackeray asks, 'would you have liked to be a friend of Swift's?' I would, for one; would have liked better, I think, to be a friend of Swift's, than of any of his set — than of the refined Addison, the jovial Steele, the brilliant St. John, the fastidious Pope — and would have felt safer with him, in spite of his whims and harshness and domineering.

At last he quite loses patience with his

great friends who have made so many promises:

April 13, 1713. — 'This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. . . . I told him I had nothing to do but to go to Ireland immediately. . . . I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. — What care I? Night, dearest rogues, MD.' But he did care. I design to walk all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days.'

April 18. — 'Lord-treasurer told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's. . . . I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come [he being so accustomed to disappointment]. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go, but perhaps they cannot help it.'

In June 1713 Swift is in Dublin, 'horribly melancholy, while they were installing me,' and soon flies to Laracor from the great empty house 'which they say is mine.'

In October, urged by his friend Lewis, he goes back to London: he is promised 1,000*l.* to pay off debts and expenses on his deanery; and still has hopes of a bishopric, or at least of some sufficient dignity and income in England. Harley and St. John, now Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, he strives hard to reconcile, but vainly: he memorials for the small post of Historiographer to the Queen, but it is refused him, and given to 'a worthless rogue that nobody knows.' He goes down, sadly, to lodge with a clergyman at Letcombe in Berks. Oxford is dismissed, Bolingbroke comes into full power, and is warmer than ever in his promises to the dean. A few days after this, Queen Anne dies (July 31, 1714), George I. is proclaimed, all arrangements go topsy-turvy, the Tories in dismay, the Whigs triumphant; and Swift returns to Ireland in August.

He is now forty-seven years old; 'condemned to live in Ireland,' his ambitious hopes at an end; angry and ashamed at having spent so much of his time in dangling at court, yet missing the excitement of brilliant and various company; his health growing worse; his opinion of mankind sinking ever lower; his economy tightening into

parsimony; his satire deepening into grim rage, his domineering spirit becoming haughty and more tyrannical. Esther Johnson, his dear gentle old pupil and intimate friend, now past her youth, is in a lodging in Dublin, still with Mrs. Dingley; but his relations with her are no longer what they were. The fair Miss Vanhomrigh, young and brilliant, with her sister Mary, also resides in Ireland now (much, I imagine, against his wishes) — sometimes in Dublin, sometimes in the vicinity; and to them the Dean writes often, and sometimes, though not often or openly, visits at their house.

The letters of Vanessa (as he has styled her) are full of ardent affection, and the most touching expostulations against his harshness; his are at once flattering and petting and full of cold reproofs and gibes.

Domestic happiness is not his, he has thrown it away; has now less than ever any thought of marriage. He manages carefully his deanery affairs and his income; drinks his wine daily, probably with sedative rather than exhilarating effect; and for amusement exchanges puns and grotesque verses (not always of the cleanest) with Dr. Sheridan, a queer clever schoolmaster. His friend Lord Oxford a prisoner in the Tower, his friend Lord Bolingbroke an exile in France, — he himself, the new dean, a suspected Jacobite, is sometimes hooted by the Dublin populace, and publicly insulted by men of rank. His archbishop and he are not on good terms; all the Irish bishops are jealous and suspicious of him, — and no love lost. Swift said once, that the Government always appointed excellent men to the Irish sees, but that on their way across Hounslow Heath they were sometimes stopped by highwaymen, who took their money, clothes and papers, and came over to Ireland in their stead.

To the eye, Dean Swift is a tall portly man, in clerical dress and hat, with large head, commanding and austere face, dusky complexion, prominent blue eyes full of scrutiny and suspicion, or, not seldom, blazing with anger. He never laughs, rarely smiles, yet lines of humour sometimes flicker round the nostrils and mouth- corners. His manners abrupt, his steps rapid, his voice imperious. He has done much, and attained much; but neither his work nor his position are satisfactory — to himself least of all. As a writer he can only rank as an able party pamphleteer, and the author of some humorous trifles. The *Tale of a Tub* it is his interest to deny, not to claim; and in any case it is not, as a whole, a great work in any sense. Had he died now, his fame would have been little.

But he has thirty years before him, and will write the *Drapier's Letters* (because he hates injustice and misgovernment), and become thereby the most popular man of his day in Ireland, and *Gulliver's Travels*, the work on which his literary fame now really rests — a *world-book* — not profound, but simple, striking, unforgettable, new to every new generation. And of these *Travels* the two first parts, Lilliput and Brobdingnag are the cream. No reader is too young or too old to enjoy them. It is very strange, by the bye, that the printer's mistake of 'Brobdingnag' (which Swift himself pointed out in the 'Letter from Captain Gulliver,' prefixed to the edition of 1727*) should be perpetuated to this day. Let this unpronounceable and blundering word be universally dropped for the future, and the oft-mentioned country of giants be known by its true name of BROB-DINGRAG.

Swift's best verses, too, which are masterly in their kind for clearness and concinnity — though wanting continuity of flow and variety of cadence — (*Cad-nus* and *Vanessa*, *On Poetry*, *On the Death of Dr. Swift*, &c.) were the product of his later years.

After allowing all his merit as a writer, it is certain that Swift's fame is a more conspicuous edifice than could have been built upon his literary performances alone, even though they include that rare and happy kind of thing (whether great or small), a *world-book*. His strong and peculiar personal character, his distinction first in the social and literary world of London, and then (much higher) in Irish politics, the interest that belongs to Stella and Vanessa, his position as a church dignitary, which lends so much zest to his humour and to the odd stories and jests reported of him, the terrible eclipse of his brilliant intellect, his gloomy death, and the legacy to found a madhouse, — all these strike the imagination and impress the memory of mankind. Many have been his predecessors and successors in office, but Jonathan Swift remains and will remain the Dean of St. Patrick's. Yet his grand mistake in life was going into the church — 'allowing himself to be driven into the church for a maintenance.'[†] He heartily despised clerical men

* 'Indeed I must confess that, as to the people of Lilliput, Brobdingnag (for so the name should have been spelt, and not erroneously Brobdingnog) and Laputa, I have never yet heard of any Yahoo so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them.' — *Letter from Captain Gulliver*, &c.

† Anecdotes of the Family of Swift. Written by Dr. Swift. *Scott's Memoirs*.

and clerical matters, save as a part of business. When once in, irrevocably, he looked upon it as his necessary business to be a clergyman, and to maintain all the established doctrines and rights and emoluments of his church, as 'one (he says) appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned to me.'* He constantly argued that all private men, and especially all clergymen, should submit to the existing legal forms of worship, and if they have doubts, to 'take care to conceal those doubts from others.'† He attacked, and would have suppressed, with equal vigour, atheists, papists, and dissenters. On Trinity Sunday he duly preached in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity; on the 30th of January he duly preached to the glory of 'that excellent king and blessed martyr Charles I.,' and in denunciation of the 'murderous Puritan Parliament,' and of such as continued to hold 'those wicked opinions.'‡ He proved to his congregation how superior the meanest Christian is to the loftiest and wisest Pagan philosopher in rules of life, and in consolations and hopes; quoting Socrates, Aristotle, and others. 'Solon lamenting the death of a son; one told him, "You lament in vain." "Therefore," said he, "I lament, because it is in vain." This was a plain confession how imperfect all his philosophy was,' &c. 'Diogenes delivered it as his opinion, "that a poor old man was the most miserable thing in life." And, alas! Jonathan Swift, when no longer in the pulpit, said so a thousand times.

I must own my real opinion, that there is but poor nourishment for the soul in any part of Swift's writings. Clear, practical sense he gives us, and a wide knowledge of men and affairs, put into form by a vigorous realistic fancy, and coloured with ironic humour; but there is nothing cordial or encouraging, no reconciling insight, no deep wisdom. This age of English literature in its whole result I confess strikes me as rather poor and thin, however elegantly simple and clear in its turns of expression. It is not corrupt, like the preceding period. Addison has a kind of polite religiosity of tone; he associates good-breeding with virtue; Steele, though sometimes a rather prurient moralist, draws some charming little pictures of domestic happiness; Pope's didactics and sentimentals, in his verses, letters, and everything, sound a little hollow, yet have a kind of improved heathen-

ish morality *au fond*. Swift is the strongest, and the most objectionable; his satire is sincere; it was his habitual view of life. It smites forcibly the vices, failings, and follies of mankind; but too often it attacks human nature itself. He does not merely say, See how far you fall short of what you might be and ought to be; how different your practices from your pretences; how you lie, cheat, grovel, and brag, advance the wrong men, make useless war, miseducate your children, misgovern your own and the public affairs; but he says also, See what a poor, weak, wretched, filthy, selfish, sensual thing is Humanity! How absurd is all your fine talk about it! What can you make of it at best? Even your virtues are contemptible. He draws the character of Gulliver with gentle and pleasing touches at first, but herein also at the end rushes fiercely into a horrible coarseness. The human form divine is by him represented as 'an ugly monster;'§ and this picture of the external fact may be fairly taken as a test and measure of his general truthfulness.

The better part of Swift's nature comes forward in his private letters. His indignation and contempt were constant against mankind, and against classes and societies of men; but he could be attached and even affectionate to individuals. In his correspondence with Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, and others, Swift's letters are always the best, and (while his tone to everybody is that of an acknowledged superior) they are full of sincere steadfast friendship, and often show a manly tenderness. Their gloomy ground is inlaid with freaks of quaint humour. His letters to great ladies are admirable examples of spirited politeness, and prove how well he could mingle wit and sense with courtly manners. Besides his nearer intimacies, he was never without some female friends in whose conversation or correspondence he took evident pleasure, notwithstanding the contempt with which he spoke of the sex in general.

Along the grass-grown avenue I walked away from Moor Park, thinking of Swift, and the *Tale of the Tub*, and little boy Cobbett of Farnham reading the book behind the haystack at Richmond; and thus came to Waverley; where the old dame who opened the gate pointed to an old-fashioned pretty house, half timbered, in a little garden by the mill-dam, and said, 'That's Stella's cottage; she was the daughter of the gardener at Moor Park.' Thus valuable is local tra-

* *Thoughts on Religion.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ Sermon the Sixth.

§ *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*, chap. i.

dition. A pond with swans; a wealthy heavy porticoed mansion; a clear shallow little river, under lofty banks of trees, half encompassing a wide meadow; shattered gray ruins, fern and ivy-clad, shaded with ash-tree and thorn, here a triple lancet window, there a low-arched crypt: this is Waverley, a Cistercian foundation of the 12th century. Here, when Cobbett was a boy (he tells us), flourished the finest fruit-garden he ever saw in his life. It has long since disappeared; and it seems that one (I know not which) of the successive owners of the park improved away a great part of the abbey ruins. The name of Scott's famous novel probably came into his head by means of the annals of this abbey; being both a pretty name and appropriate to his hero's character. The description of Waverley Honour has no resemblance to the real Waverley.

I took the shady road up Crooksbury Hill, turned left, along the moorland, which lies behind the vale of Moor Park, and accounts for the name, and soon saw before me the ridge of Aldershot, my thoughts again connecting Swift and Cobbett, by the link of a *standing army*—a novelty in Swift's day—and a thing obnoxious to them both, very different as they were, both as men and politicians.

The step is but short from Swift, Temple, Marlborough, to Cobbett, Wellington, Palmerston (another of the Temples), whose grave is the newest in Westminster Abbey. Two or three lives stretch over great changes in thought and history. Our children will not see the same world that we see.

From The Spectator.

THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is deservedly reckoned a master of the English language. He has, perhaps, no equal in the art of writing pungent sarcasm, weighted with real moral indignation. Every word comes from the heart, as well as from the head, and through the perfection of his style, every word tells. And his style is but the reflex of his principles. Clear, forcible, uncompromising, desperately earnest, his principles have won for him the reputation of a

political fanatic, because the very boldness and force with which they were expressed helped people to forget that he was enunciating theory, not insisting that his theory could practically be carried out fully and at once. Fanatic he certainly is not, unless that word be extended to mean every one who zealously believes in a cause or a principle; but he is too apt to let partizan spirit, though of a lofty type, appear in his treatment of subjects almost alien to it. The book now before us is positively disfigured, as a historical work, by the frequent references to matters of present politics, and especially to that miserable Jamaica business, of which most men are ashamed, and all heartily tired. Doubtless Mr. Goldwin Smith's chief object in delivering these lectures was to inculcate modern political lessons by the aid of past examples, and such an object is not only legitimate, but most desirable. But this may easily be carried too far; allusions to an event of transitory importance are specially damaging to the permanent value of a book, though they may give additional point to a lecture. Apart, however, from the political views inculcated in this volume, there are outlines, clearly and boldly sketched, of mere outlines, of the three statesmen who give the titles to his lectures, which are well deserving of study.

A few years ago, soon after the publication of Mr. John Foster's *Debate on the Grand Remonstrance*, Mr. Goldwin Smith gave two unwritten lectures from the History Chair at Oxford, of which Pym was the hero, and the first lecture in his present volume is the publication in a literary dress, and, so far as we remember, the first publication, of the views then expressed. He regards Pym, and not Hampden, as the real leader of the Parliament from the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle until his death, as the greatest orator of the party, and the most cultivated statesman. Hampden's great service in the Ship-Money question, his higher social position, the great devotion to his person shown by men of all ranks, perhaps also his death in battle, have tended to place him foremost; many others besides Lord Macaulay have thought that the obscure skirmish at Chalgrove changed the fate of England. But the facts tell differently. That Pym was unquestionably the leader, in a parliamentary sense, of the party to which he belonged, is sufficiently shown by his having taken the chief part in the impeachment of Strafford, though other evidence is not wanting. He was also the head of the committee of Safety, and as

* *Three English Statesmen.* A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan and Co. 1837.

such virtually wielded the Government for more than a year, a period of repeated disasters to the Parliamentary cause, among which Hampden's death was scarcely the worst. At the end of the year 1643 Pym died; but before his death he had secured the assistance of the Scots, had overcome the fears of Essex and the half-hearted party, and had seen the tide turned by the relief of Gloucester and the second battle of Newbury. He was buried with the royal pomp befitting the "King of the Commons," as he was often styled in his lifetime, and the eager rejoicings of his enemies bore witness to the value of his life. But they rejoiced too soon: Pym's energy had sustained his cause through the first trying period, when all the military conditions were unfavourable, and the sword of Cromwell was now ready to weigh down the scale. Pym is evidently a man after Mr. Goldwin Smith's own heart, unswerving in his adherence to a cause, possessed of high literary and historical culture, of perfectly blameless life, a man of action, but of political, not military action, and therefore unstained by blood, and above all really religious. Accordingly, he paints him without a blemish, and we cannot say that he is wrong. The greatest trial of all, that of complete success, was spared to Pym, and his fame is perhaps the purer for the very reason which has made it less bright than he deserves, because he died when the very crisis of the struggle was barely past.

Cromwell, or rather the Protector, is the second of Mr. Goldwin Smith's three statesmen; and here, again, we seem to recognize the sentiments of a brilliant review of M. Guizot's book on Cromwell, which appeared some years ago in the *Times*. Be this as it may, Mr. Goldwin Smith has a clear idea of Cromwell's character, not really less favourable than Mr. Carlyle's, though to sober-minded people more truthful. "The Protectorate, with its glories, was not the conception of a lonely intellect, but the revolutionary energy of a mighty nation concentrated in a single chief." The representative and ruler of the English race, the pre-eminently imperial race of the modern world, in the greatest crisis of its history, might well be one of the greatest of men; and regarding Cromwell merely as a statesman, one can hardly estimate him highly enough. Mr. Goldwin Smith dwells with great pleasure on the Constitution he established, on the persistent manner in which he strove to maintain free institutions and avoid arbitrary govern-

ment, on the economy, the efficiency, the far-sighted reforms of his administration; but he feels that these are not his chief title to fame, even taking into account the gigantic obstacles he had to overcome. The moral greatness of the Protector is even more conspicuous than his intellectual power. The ablest General alive, with an invincible army devoted to him, he might have had the Continent at his feet; but he sheathed his sword for ever as soon as Worcester freed England from civil war. Call it mere prudence, if you will, deny any nobler motives for his forbearance to reopen the great religious war; but even then the self-restraint which refused to listen to the promptings of personal ambition and religious enthusiasm is almost superhuman. For though his admirers may find grounds for believing that he was not vulgarly ambitious, there is no possible doubt that he was deeply tinged with religious fanaticism. "A hypocritical fanatic" is the old character of Cromwell; but Mr. Goldwin Smith shows plainly enough not only that the two qualities are contradictory, but that he clearly was the one, and not the other. At the same time, he was before his age in striving persistently to establish liberty of conscience, in the proper sense of the phrase; at any rate, Mr. Goldwin Smith gives us many and strong reasons for so believing. In this, as in other respects, he is apparently himself one of those who "regard Cromwell's policy as a tidal wave, marking the line to which the waters will once more advance, and look upon him as a ruler who was before his hour, and whose hour, perhaps, is now come." We are hardly so sanguine as Mr. Goldwin Smith as to the speedy downfall of party government in England, or so bitterly hostile to it, but we fully agree with him that "the organic legislation of Cromwell's time may still deserve the consideration of constitutional reformers, if the nation should ever desire to emancipate itself from the government of party."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's account of Pitt is deeply tinged by his very strong feelings about the French Revolution. All the world would probably agree in his estimate of Pitt's career before the war broke out, though he gives too special a prominence to his financial ability; and the majority would side with him rather than with Lord Stanhope, in refusing to hold Pitt free from all blame for taking office after George III's scandalous India Bill intrigue, even if they failed to see, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, the taint of this one dishonourable action in

many subsequent transactions. But with regard to the revolutionary war, and Pitt's administration during it, he writes in a manner which illustrates forcibly the intimate connection between his opinions and his sympathies. The ordinary Liberal tone is to praise the French Revolution as a whole, in spite of undoubted excesses, and to blame Pitt severely for going to war, and *a fortiori* for the "Tory reign of terror" which ensued in England. The average Tory regards the Revolution as a movement utterly iniquitous and detestable, against which all the world was bound to take arms. And there is a decided tendency on all sides, now that a Bonaparte is once more on the French throne who has always been at peace with England, to respect the memory of Napoleon I. Mr. Goldwin Smith flies in the face of all alike. He abhors the Revolution for its atheism and its cruelty, and censures Fox severely for his tone regarding it. He denounces in the strongest terms the war against the Revolution, and demolishes every argument urged in its favour. But all is changed with the rise of Napoleon, whom he hates with an energy of hatred to which his command of language gives powerful expression. After the rupture of the peace of Amiens, "Pitt came in to conduct a war, and this time a necessary war, for I am convinced that with the perfidy and rapine of Bonaparte no peace could be made; that the struggle with him was a struggle for the independence of all nations, against the armed and disciplined hordes of a conqueror as cruel and as barbarous as Attila. The outward mask of civilization Bonaparte wore, and he could use political and social ideas for the purposes of his ambition as dexterously as cannon; but in character he was a Corsican, and as savage as any bandit of the isle. If utter selfishness, if the reckless sacrifice of humanity to your own interest and passions be villainess, history has no viler name." Pitt sank under the crushing blow of Austerlitz, and left his work to be carried on by successors who had little in them of Pitt but his lately developed Toryism. Pitt was, perhaps, as unlike Pym as any prominent English statesman well

could be; but in this, at least, they were alike, — that both sank under the weight of public cares at a moment of deep gloom for the cause they were sustaining, and yet after having really sustained the worst pressure, though neither their own eyes nor those of other men for many a day saw that the tide had turned.

We have spoken of the intimate connection between Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions and his sympathies; we ought perhaps, to have rather said that his sympathies seem to govern his opinions. Those sympathies are intensely democratic, bitterly hostile to anything savouring of violence, contemptuous towards all pomp and ceremony, enthusiastic in admiration of the Universities, not as they are, but as they might be, — above all, deeply religious. His remarks as to the importance of the religious element in political movements are the most interesting and suggestive; and perhaps this is the only hobby which he does not ride too hard. Certainly he does strain coherence, not unfrequently, to make some past event point a modern democratic moral, or to introduce opinions inapplicable to the times he was treating, however opportune now. Some of these views coincide minutely with those which we have repeatedly expressed, as where he says that for an army or navy to be in a perfectly sound state dismissal should be the highest punishment; or where he anticipates, in glowing language, a future "moral, commercial, and diplomatic union of all the communities of the Anglo-Saxon race." Some of them do not please us quite so well; but even where we disagree with Mr. Goldwin Smith's conclusions, we cannot help sympathizing with himself, for it is evident that his every opinion has its origin in warm love of truth and moral worth. He may not always be wise, but he is always sensible, always enthusiastic; and in these cynical days it may be morally useful for society to study the writings of an enthusiast for goodness even as it may be politically useful, at a moment of democratic change, fully to comprehend the attitude and principles of the cultivated Democrats.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MOMENTARY MADNESS.

It would be difficult to describe the looks of the assembled party in the library at Brownlows at this moment. Jack, to whom every thing was doubly complicated by the fact that the intruder was Pamela's mother, and by the feeling that his own affairs must be somehow in question, made a step forward, thinking that her business must be with him, and fell back in double consternation when she passed him, looking only at his father. Sara stood aghast, knowing nothing—not even aware that there could be any thing to be anxious about—an impersonation of mere wonder and surprise. The two elder people were not surprised. Both of them knew what it meant. Mr. Brownlow in a moment passed from the shock of horror and dismay which had prostrated him at first, into that perfect calm which is never consistent with ignorance or innocence. The wonder of his children would have convinced any observer of their perfect unacquaintance with the matter. But he knew all about it—he was perfectly composed and master of himself in a second. Life goes fast at such a crisis. He felt at once as if he had always known it was to end like this—always foreseen it—and had been gradually prepared and wound up by degrees to meet the blow. All his uncertainty and doubt and self-delusions vanished from him on the spot. He knew who his visitor was without any explanation, and that she had come just in time—and that it was all over. Somehow he seemed to cease on the moment to be the principal in the matter. By the time Mrs. Preston had come up to him, he had become a calm professional spectator, watching the case on behalf of a client. The change was curious to himself, though he had no time just then to consider how it came about.

But the intruder was not calm. On the contrary, she was struggling with intense excitement, panting, trembling, compelled to stop on her way across the room to put her hand to her side, and gasp for the half-stifled breath. She took no notice of the young people who stood by. It is doubtful even whether she was aware of their presence. She went up gasping to the man she thought her enemy. "I am in time," she said. "I have come to claim my mother's money—the money you have robbed us of. I am in time—I know I am just in time! I have been at Doctors' Commons; it's no use telling me lies. I know every thing. I've come for my mother's money—the money you've robbed from me and mine!"

Jack came forward bewildered by these extraordinary words. "This is frenzy," he said. "The Rector is right. She must be mad. Mrs. Preston, come and I'll take you home. Don't let us make any row about it. She is Pamela's mother. Let me take her quietly away."

"I might be mad," said the strange apparition, "if wrong could make a woman mad. Don't talk to me of Pamela. Sir, you understand it's you I come to—it's you! Give me my mother's money! I'll not go away from here till I have justice. I'll have you taken up for a robber! I'll have you put in prison! It's justice I want—and my rights."

"Be quiet, Jack," said Mr. Brownlow; "let her alone. Go away—that is the best service you can do me. Mrs. Preston, you must explain yourself. Who was your mother, and what do you want with me?"

Then she made a rush forward to him and clutched his arm. He was standing in his former position leaning against the mantelpiece, firm, upright, pale, a strong man still, and with his energies unbroken. She rushed at him, a tottering, agitated woman, old and weak, and half-frantic with excitement. "Give me my mother's money!" she cried, and gasped and choked, her passion being too much for her. At this instant the clock struck: it was a silvery, soft-tongued clock, and made the slow beats of time thrill into the silence. Mr. Brownlow laughed when he heard it—laughed not with triumph, but with that sense of the utter futility of all calculations which sometimes comes upon the mind with a strange sense of the humour of it, at the most terrible crisis. Let it strike—what did it matter?—nothing now could deliver him from his fate.

"I take you to witness I was here and claimed my money before it struck," cried the woman. "I was here. You can't change that. You villain, give me my mother's money! Give me my money: you've had it for five and twenty years!"

"Compose yourself," said Mr. Brownlow, speaking to her as he might have done had he been the professional adviser of the man who was involved; "sit down and take your time; you were here before twelve, you shall have all the benefit of that; now tell me what your name is, and what is your claim."

Mrs. Preston sat down as he told her, and glared at him with her wild bright eyes; but notwithstanding the overwrought condition in which she was, she could not but recognise the calm of the voice which addressed her: a certain shade of uncertainty flickered over her countenance—she grew confused in the midst of her assurance—it seemed impossible that he could take it so quietly if he knew what she meant. And then her bodily fatigue, sleeplessness, and exhaustion were beginning to tell.

"You are trying to cheat me," she said, with difficulty restraining the impulse of her weakness to cry. "You are trying to cheat me! you know it better than I do, and I read it with my own eyes: you have had it for five and twenty years: and you try to face it out and cheat me now!"

Then the outburst came which had been kept back so long; she had eaten nothing all day; she had not slept the previous night; she had been travelling and rushing about till the solid

earth seemed to be going round and round with her; she burst into sobbing and crying as she spoke; not tears — she was not capable of tears. When Mr. Brownlow, in his extraordinary self-possession, went to a side table to bring a decanter of sherry which had been placed there, she made an effort to rise to stop him, but even that she was unable to do. He walked across the room while his astonished children still stood and looked on. He alone had all his wits about him, and sense enough to be compassionate. He filled out a glass of wine with a steady hand and brought it to her. "Take this," he said, "and then you will be more able to tell me what you mean."

Mrs. Preston looked up at him, struck dumb with wonder in the midst of her agitation. She was capable of thinking he meant to poison her — probably that was the first idea in her mind; but when she looked up and saw the expression in his face, it calmed her in spite of herself. She took the glass from him as if she could not help it, and swallowed the wine in an unwilling yet eager way — for her bodily exhaustion craved the needful support, though her mind was against it. She began to shake and tremble all over as Mr. Brownlow took the glass from her hand: his quietness overwhelmed her. If he had turned her out of the room, out of the house, it would have seemed more natural than this.

"Father," said Jack, interposing, "I have seen her like this before — I don't know what she has in her head, but of course I can't stand by and see her get into trouble: if you will go away I will take her home."

Mr. Brownlow smiled again, a curious smile of despair, once more seeing the humour, as it were, of the situation. "It will be better for you to take Sara away," he said; "go, both of you — it does not matter." Then, having fallen into this momentary incoherence, he recovered himself and turned round to his visitor. "Now tell me," he said gently, "who you are and what you mean?"

But by this time it did not seem as if she were able to speak — she sat and stared at him, her dark eyes shining wildly out of her old pallid face. "I have seen the will — I have been at Doctors' Commons," she gulped out by degrees; "I know it must be true."

"Who are you?" said Mr. Brownlow.

Then the poor trembling creature got up and made a rush towards him again. "You know who I am," she said, "but that don't matter, as you say: I was Phoebe Thomson; give me my mother's money — ah! give me the money that belongs to my child! give me my fortune! there's witnesses that I came in time; I came in time — I came in time!" screamed forth the exhausted woman. She had lost all command of herself by this time, and shrieked out the words, growing louder and louder; then all at once, without any warning, she fell down at the feet of the man she was defying — fell in a dead bundle on the

floor, in a faint — almost, as it seemed for the moment, dead.

Mr. Brownlow, for one dreadful second, thought she was dead. The moment was terrible beyond all description, worse than any thing that had yet befallen him; a thrill of hope, an awful sickening of suspense came over him: for the first time he, too, lost his senses: he did not stoop to raise her, nor take any means for her restoration, but stood looking down upon her, watching, as a man might watch the wild beast which had been about to kill him, writhing under some sudden shot. A man would not interpose in such a case with surgical aid for the wounded lion or tiger. Neither did Mr. Brownlow feel himself moved to interfere. He only stood and looked on. But his children were not wound up to the same state of feeling. Jack rushed forward and lifted his Pamela's mother from the floor, and Sara flew to her aid with feminine succours. They laid her on the sofa, and put water on her face, and did every thing they knew to restore her. Mr. Brownlow did not interfere; he could not bid them stop; it never even occurred to him to attempt to restrain their charitable offices. He left them to themselves, and walked heavily up and down the room on the other side, waiting till she should come to herself. For of course she would come to herself — he had no doubt of that. After the first instant it was clearly enough apparent to him that such a woman at such a moment would not die.

When Mrs. Preston came to herself, she tried to get up from the sofa, and looked at them all with a piteous look of terror and helplessness. She was a simple uneducated woman, making little distinction between different kinds of crime — and it seemed to her as if a man who had defrauded her (as she thought) all these years, might very well mean to murder her when he was found out. She did not see the difference. She shuddered as she fell back on the cushions unable to rise. "Would you like to kill me?" she said faintly, looking in their faces. She was afraid of them, and she was helpless and alone. She did not feel even as if she had the strength to cry out. And there were three of them — they could put out her feeble flickering flame of life if they pleased. As for the two young people whom she addressed in the first place, they supposed simply that she was raving. But Mr. Brownlow, who was, in his way, as highly strained as she was, caught the words. And the thought flashed through his mind as if some one had held up a picture to him. What would it matter if she were to die? She was old — she had lived long enough — she was not so happy that she should wish to live longer; and her child — others might do better for her child than she could. It was not his fault. It was her words that called up the picture before him, and he made a few steps forward and put his children away, and came up to the sofa and

looked at her. An old, faint, feeble, worn-out woman. A touch would do it; — her life was like the last ere leaves fluttering on the end of the branches; a touch would do it. He came and looked at her, not knowing what he did, and put his children away. And there was something in his eyes which made her shrink into the corner of her couch and tremble and be silent. He was looking to see how it could be done — by some awful unconscious impulse, altogether apart from any will or thought of his. And a touch would do it. This was what was in his eyes when he told his children to go away.

"Go — go to bed," he said, "I will take care of Mrs. Preston." There was a horrible appearance of meaning in his voice, but yet he did not know what he meant. He stood and looked down upon her gloomily. Yes, that was all that stood between him and peace; a woman whom any chance touch — any blast bitterer than usual — any accidental fall, might kill. "Go to bed, children," he repeated harshly. It seemed to him somehow as if it would be better, as if he would be more at liberty, when they were away.

"Oh, no — no," said Mrs. Preston, moaning. "Don't leave me — don't leave me. You wouldn't see any harm come to me, for my Pamela's sake!"

And then both his children looked into Mr. Brownlow's face. I cannot tell what they saw there. I doubt whether they could have told themselves; but it was something that thrilled them through and through, which came back to them from time to time all their lives, and which they could never forget. Jack turned away from his father with a kind of horror, and went and placed himself beside Mrs. Preston at the head of the sofa. But Sara, though her dismay was still greater, went up to him and clasped his arm with both her hands. "Papa," she said, "come away. Come with me. I don't know what it means, but it is too much for you. Come, papa."

Mr. Brownlow once more put her away with his hand. "Go to bed, Sara," he said; and then freeing himself, he went across the room to the curtained windows, and stared out as if they were open, and came back again. The presence of his children was an oppression to him. He wanted them away. And then he stood again by the side of the sofa and looked at his visitor. "We can talk this over best alone," he said; and at the sound of his voice, and a movement which she thought Jack made to leave her, she gave a sudden cry.

"He will kill me if you go away!" she said. "Oh, don't leave me to him! I — don't mean to injure you — I — But you're in league with him," she exclaimed, rising suddenly with the strength of excitement, and rushing to the other end of the room; "you are all against me. I shall be killed! I shall be killed! Murder! murder! — though I don't want to hurt you. I want nothing but my rights."

She got behind the writing-table in her insane terror, and threw herself down there on her knees, propping herself up against it, and watching them as from behind a barricade, with her pallid thin face supported on the table. With her hands she drew a chair to each side of her. She was like a wild creature painfully barricading herself — sheltering her feeble strength within intrenchments, and turning her face to the foe. Mr. Brownlow stood still and looked at her, but this time with a stupefied look which meant nothing; and as for Jack he stood aghast, half-frightened, half-angry, not knowing if she were mad, or what it was. When either of them moved, she crouched together and cried out, thinking they were about to rush upon her. For the moment she was all but mad — mad with excitement, fright, evil-thinking, and ignorance — ignorance most of all, — seeing no reason why, if they had done one wrong, they should not do another. Kill or defraud, which did it matter? — and for the moment she was out of her senses, and knew not what she did or said.

Sara was the only one who retained her wits at this emergency. She stepped behind the screen made by the table without pausing to think about it. "Mrs. Preston," she said, "I don't know what is the matter with you. You look as if you had gone mad; but I am not frightened. What do you mean by calling murder here? Come with me to my room and go to bed. It is time everybody was in bed. I will take care of you. You are tired to death, and not fit to be up. Come with me."

"You!" cried Mrs. Preston — "you! You that have had everything my Pamela ought to have had! that have been kept like a princess on my money! You! — but don't let them kill me," she cried out the next moment, shuddering and turning towards the other woman for protection. "You're but a girl. Come here and stand by me, and save me, and I'll stand by you. You shall always have a home. I'll be as good to you — but save me! don't let them kill me!" she cried, frantically throwing her arms round Sara's waist. It was a curious sight. The girl stood erect, her slight figure swaying with the unusual strain upon it, her face lit up with such powerful emotions as she had never known before, looking wistful, alarmed, wondering, proud, upon her father and her brother at the other side, while the old woman clung to her, crouching at her feet, hiding her face in her dress, clasping her waist as for life and death. Sara had accepted the office thrust upon her, whatever it was. She had become responsible for the terrified, exhausted claimant of all Mr. Brownlow's fortune — and turned round upon the two astonished men with something new to them, something that was almost defiance, in her eyes.

"I don't know what it means," she said, laying her long, soft, shapely hand upon Mrs. Preston's shoulder like the picture of a guardian angel; "but it has gone past your man-

ging, and I must take charge of her. Jack, open the door, and keep out of the way. She must come with me."

And then, indeed, Mr. Brownlow within himself, in the depths of his heart, uttered a groan, which made some outward echo. He was in the last crisis of his fate, and his cherished child forsook him and took his adversary's part. He withdrew himself and sank down into a chair, clearing the way, as she had bidden. Sara had taken charge of her. Sara had covered the intruder for ever and ever with the shield of her protection; and yet it was for Sara alone that he could have found in his heart to murder this woman, as she said. When Sara stood forth and faced him in her young strength and pride, a sudden Lady of Succour, it cast him to the earth. And he gave that groan, and sank down and put himself aside, as it were. He could not carry on the struggle. When Sara heard it her heart smote her; she turned to him eagerly, not to comfort him, but to defend herself.

"Well!" she said, "if it was nothing, you would not have minded. It must be something, or you would not have looked!" — And then she stopped and shuddered. "I am going to take charge of her to-night," she added, low and hurriedly. "I will take her to my room, and stay with her all night. To-morrow, perhaps, we may know what it means. Jack, she can walk, if you will clear the way."

Then Mr. Brownlow looked up, with an indescribable pang at his heart, and saw his daughter lead, half carrying, his enemy away. "I will take her to my room, and stay with her all night." He had felt the emphasis and meaning that were in the words, and he had seen Sara's shudder. Good heavens! what was it for? Was he a man to do murder? What was it his child had read in his eye? In this horrible confusion of thought he sat and watched the stranger out. She had made good her lodgment, not only in the house, but in the innermost chamber, in Sara's room — in Sara's protecting presence, where nothing could get near her. And it was against him that his child had taken up this wretched woman's defence! He neither moved nor spoke for some minutes after they had left the room. The bitterness had all to be tasted and swallowed before his thoughts could go forward to other things, and to the real final question. By degrees, however, as he came to himself, he became aware that he was not yet left free to think about the final question. Jack was still beside him. He did not say anything, but he was moving and fidgeting about the room with his hands in his pockets in a way which proved that he had something to say. As Mr. Brownlow came to himself he gradually woke to a perception of his son's restless figure beside him, and knew that he had another explanation to make.

"I don't want to trouble you," said Jack at last, abruptly, "but I should very much like to know, sir, what all this means. If Mrs. Pres-

ton is mad — as — God knows I don't want to think it," cried the young man, "but one must believe one's eyes — if she is mad, why did you give in to her, and humour her? Why did not you let me take her away?"

"I don't think she is mad," said Mr. Brownlow, slowly.

Upon which Jack came to a dead stop, and stared at his father — "Good heavens, sir," he said, "what can you mean?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Brownlow, getting up in his turn. "My head is not quite clear to-night. Leave me now. I'll tell you after. I'll tell you — some time; — I mean in the morning." Then he walked once more across the room, and threw himself into the big easy-chair by the dying fire. One of the lamps had run down, and was flickering out, throwing strange quivers of light and shade about the room. An indescribable change had come over it; it had been bright, and now it looked desolate; it had been the home of peace, and now the very air was heavy with uncertainty and a kind of hovering horror. Mr. Brownlow threw himself wearily into the big chair, and covered his face with his hands. A moment after he seemed to recollect himself, and looked up and called Jack back. "My boy," he said, "something has happened to-night which I did not look for. You must consider everything I said to you before as cancelled. It appears I was premature. I am sorry — for you, Jack."

"Don't be sorry for me," cried Jack, with a generous impulse. "It could not have made much matter any how — my life is decided, come what may."

Then his father looked up at him sharply, but with a quiver in his lip. "Ah!" he said; and Jack perceived somehow, he did not know how, that he had unwittingly inflicted a new wound. "It could not have made much matter — true," he said, and rose up and bowed to his son as if he had been a stranger. "That being the case, perhaps the less we say to each other the better now" —

"What have I said, sir!" cried Jack in amaze.

"Enough, enough," said Mr. Brownlow, "enough" — whether it was in answer to his question, or by way of putting an end to the conversation, Jack could not tell; and then his father waved him away, and sat down again, once more burying his face in his hands. Again the iron had entered his soul. Both of them! — all he had in the world — his fortune, his position, his son, his daughter, must all go? It seemed to him now as if the external things were nothing in comparison of these last. Sara, for whose sake alone he feared it — Jack, whom he had not petted — whom perhaps he had crossed a little as fathers will, but whom at bottom — never mind, never mind! he said to himself. It was the way of the world. Sons did not take up their father's cause nowadays as a matter of course. They had themselves to think of — in fact, it was right they should think of themselves. The world was of much more

importance to Jack than it could be to himself, for of course a young man had twice the length of time to provide for that his father could possibly have. Never mind! He said, it to himself with his head bowed down in his hands. But he did mind. "It would not make much matter anyhow" — no, not much matter. Jack would have it instead of Sara and Pows. It was the same kind of compromise that he had intended — only that the persons and the motive were changed.

Poor Jack in the mean time went about the room in a very disconsolate state. He was so startled in every way that he did not know what to think, and yet vague shadows of the truth were flickering about his mind. He knew something vaguely of the origin of his father's fortune, and nothing but that could explain it; and now he was offended at something. What could it be that he was offended at? It never occurred to Jack that his own words might bear the meaning that was set upon them; he was disconcerted and vexed, and did not know what to do. He went wandering about the room, lifting and replacing the books on the tables, and finally, after a long pause, he went up to his father again.

"I wish you'd have some confidence in me," he said. "I don't pretend to be wise, but still — And then if there is anything hanging over us, it is best that a fellow should know" —

"There is nothing hanging over you," said Mr. Brownlow, raising his head, almost with bitterness. "It will not matter much anyhow, you know. Don't think of waiting for me. I have a good deal to think over. In short I should be very glad if you would leave me to myself and go" —

"As you please," said Jack, who was at last offended in his turn; and after he had made a discontented promenade all round the room, he lounged towards the door, still hoping he might be called back again. But he was not called back. On the contrary, his father's head had sunk again into his hands, and he had evidently retired into himself, beyond the reach of all fellowship or sympathy. Jack veered gradually towards the door and went out of the room, with his hands in his pockets and great trouble and perplexity in his mind. It seemed to him that he saw what the trouble must be, and that of itself was not pleasant. But bad as it might be, it was not so bad as the way his father was taking it. Good heavens, if he should hurt the old woman! — but surely he was not capable of that. And then Jack returned upon his own case and felt wounded and sore. He was not a baby that his father should decline to take him into his confidence. He was not a fool that he should be supposed unequal to the emergency. Sleep was out of the question under the circumstances; and besides he did not want to meet any of the fellows who might have been disturbed by Mrs. Preston's cry and might have come to his room for information. "Hang it all!" said Jack, as he threw himself on a sofa in

the smoking-room, and lighted a dreary cigar. It was not a very serious malediction, but yet his mind was serious enough. Some terrible crisis in the history of his family was coming on, and he could only guess what it was. Something that involved not only his own prospects, but the prospects of his future wife. And yet nobody would tell him what was the meaning of it. It was hard lines for Jack.

When his son left the room, Mr. Brownlow lifted his head out of his hands. He looked eagerly round the room and made sure he was alone. And then his countenance relaxed a little. He could venture to look as he felt, to throw off every mask when he was alone. Then he got up and walked heavily about. Was it all true? Had she come at the last moment and made her claim? Had she lighted down upon him tracked him out, just as he was saying, and at last permitting himself, to think, that all was over? A strange confusion swept over him as he sat and looked round the empty room. Was it possible that all this had happened since he was last alone in it? It was only a few hours since; and he had been scarcely able to believe that so blessed a state of things could be true. He had sat there and planned every kind of kindness and bounty to everybody by way of expressing his gratitude to God. Was it possible? Could everything since then be so entirely changed? Or had he only dreamt the arrival of the sudden claimant, the striking of the clock too late, all the miseries of the night? As he asked himself these questions, a sudden shuddering came over him. There was one thing which he knew could be no dream. It was the suggestion which had come into his mind as he stood by the sofa. He seemed to see her before him, worn, old, feeble, and involuntarily his thoughts strayed away again to that horrible thought. What was the use of such a woman in the world? She had nothing before her but old age, infirmities, a lingering illness most likely, many sufferings and death — only death at the end; that was the best, the only event awaiting her. To the young, life may blossom out afresh at any moment, but the old can only die — that is all that remains for them. And a touch would do it. It might save her from a great deal of suffering — it would certainly save her from the trial of a new position, the difficult transition from poverty to wealth. If he was himself as old, Mr. Brownlow thought vaguely (all this was very vague — it was not breathed in articulate thought, much less in words) that he would be glad to be put quietly out of the way. Heaven knows he would be grateful enough to any one even at that moment who would put him out of the way.

And it would be so easy to do it; a touch would do it. The life was fluttering already in her pulses; very likely the first severe cold would bring her down like the leaves off the trees; and in the mean time what a difference her life would make. Mr. Brownlow got up

and began to walk about, not able to keep still any longer. The second lamp was now beginning to flicker for want of oil, and the room was darkening, though he did not perceive it. It would be the kindest office that could be done to an old woman; he had often thought so. Suddenly there occurred to him a recollection of certain unhappy creatures in the workhouse at Masterton, who were so old that nothing was any pleasure to them. He thought of the life-in-death he had seen among them, the tedious blank, the animal half-existence, the dead, dull doze, out of which only a bad fit of coughing or some other suffering roused them; and of his own passing reflection how kind it would be to mix them a sleeping potion only a little stronger, and let them be gone. It would be the best thing any one could do for them. It would be the best thing any one could do for her; then all the trouble, all the vexation, all the misery and change that it would save!

As for the child, Mr. Brownlow said to himself that all should go well with the child. He would not interfere. Jack should marry her if he pleased—all should go well with her; and she would not have the difficult task of reconciling the world to her mother. In every way it seemed the desirable arrangement. If Providence would but interpose!—but then Providence never did interpose in such emergencies. Mr. Brownlow went slowly up and down the darkening room, and his thoughts, too, went into the darkness. They went on as if it were in a whisper and hid themselves, and silence came—hideous silence, in which the heart stood still, the genial breath was interrupted. He did not know what he was doing. He went to the medicine-chest which was in one corner, and opened it and looked at it. He did not even make a pretence of looking for anything: neither would the light have enabled him to look for anything. He looked at it and he knew that death was there, but he did not put forth his hand to touch it. At that moment all at once the flickering flame went out—went out just as a life might do, after fluttering and quivering and making wild rallies, again and again. Mr. Brownlow for his part was almost glad there was no light. It made him easier—even the lamp had seemed to look at him and see something in his eye!

Five minutes after, he found himself, he could not have told how, at the door of Sara's room. It was not in his way—he could not make that excuse, to himself—to tell the truth he did not make any excuse to himself. His mind was utterly confused, and had stopped thinking. He was there, having come there he did not know how; and being there he opened the door softly and went in. Perhaps, for anything he could tell, the burden might have been too much for Sara. He went in softly, stealing so as not to disturb any sleeper. The room was dark, but not quite dark. There was a night-light burning, shaded, on the table, and the curtains were drawn at the head of the

white bed: nothing stirred in the silence: only the sound of breathing, the irregular disturbed breathing of some one in a troubled sleep. Mr. Brownlow stole further in, and softly put back one of the curtains of the bed. There she lay, old, pallid, wrinkled, worn out, breathing hard in her sleep, even then unable to forget the struggle she was engaged in, holding the coverlet fast with one old meagre hand, upon which all the veins stood out. What comfort was her life to her? And a touch would do it. He went a step nearer and stooped over her, not knowing what he did, not putting out a finger, incapable of any exertion, yet with an awful curiosity. Then all at once out of the darkness, swift as an angel on noiseless pinions, a white figure rose and rushed at him, carrying him away from the bed out to the door, unwitting, aghast, by the mere impetus of its own wild sudden motion. When they had got outside it was Sara's face that was turned upon him, pale as the face of the dead, with her hair hanging about it wildly, and the moisture standing in big beads on her forehead. "What were you going to do?" she seemed to shriek in his ear, though the shriek was only a whisper. He had left his candle outside, and it was by that faint light he could see the whiteness of her face.

"Do?" said Mr. Brownlow, with a strange sense of wonder. "Do?—nothing. What could I do?"

Then Sara threw herself upon him and wept aloud, wept so that the sound ran through the house, sobbing along the long listening passages. "Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, clinging to him. A look as of idiocy had come into his face. He had become totally confused—he did not know what she meant. What could he do? Why was she crying? And it was wrong to make a noise like this, when all the house was hushed and asleep.

"You must be quiet," he said. "There is no need to be so agitated; and you should have been in bed. It is very late. I am going to my room now."

"I will go with you," said Sara, trembling. Already she began to be ashamed of her terror, but her nerves would not calm down all at once. She put her hand on his arm and half led, half followed him through the corridor. "Papa, you did not mean—anything?" she said, lifting up a face so white and tremulous and shaken with many emotions that it was scarcely possible to recognize it as hers. "You did not mean—anything?" Her very lips quivered so that she could scarcely speak.

"Mean—what?" he said. "I am a little confused to-night. It was all so sudden. I don't seem to understand you. And I'm very tired. Things will be clearer to-morrow. Sara, I hope you are going to bed."

"Yes, papa," she said, like a child, though her lips quivered. He looked like a man who had fallen into sudden imbecility, comprehend-

ing nothing. And Sara's mind too was beginning to get confused. She could not understand any longer what his looks meant.

"And so am I," said Mr. Brownlow, with a sigh. Then he stooped and kissed her. "My darling, good-night. Things will be clearer to-morrow," he said. They had come to his door by this time. And it was there he had stooped to kiss her, dismissing her as it seemed. But after she had turned to go back, he came out again and called her. He looked almost as old and as shaken as Mrs. Preston as he called her back: "Don't forsake me—don't you forsake me," he said hurriedly; "that was all—that was all: good-night."

And then he went in and shut his door. Sara, left to herself, went back along the corridor, not knowing what to think. Were they all mad, or going mad? What could the shock be which had made Pamela's humble mother frantic, and confused Mr. Brownlow's clear intellect? She lay down on her sofa to watch her patient, feeling as if she too was becoming idiotic. She could not sleep, young as she was: the awful shadow that had come across her mind had murdered sleep. She lay and listened to Mrs. Preston's irregular, interrupted breathing, far into the night. But sleep was not for Sara's eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Of all painful things in this world there are few more painful than the feeling of rising up in the morning to a difficulty unsolved, a mystery unexplained. So long as the darkness is over with the night something can always be done. Calamity can be faced, misfortune met; but to get up in the morning light, and encounter afresh the darkness, and find no clue any more than you had at night, is hard work. This was what Jack felt when he had to face the sunshine, and remembered all that had happened, and the merry party that awaited him down-stairs, and that he must amuse his visitors as if this day had been like any other. If he but knew what had really happened! but the utmost he could do was to guess at it, and that in the vaguest way. The young man went down-stairs with a load on his mind, not so much of care as of uncertainty. Loss of fortune was a thing that could be met; but if there was loss of honour involved—if his father's brain was giving way with the pressure—if Jack would not allow his thoughts to go any further. He drew himself up with a sudden pull, and stopped short, and went down-stairs. At the breakfast-table everything looked horribly unchanged. The guests, the servants, the routine of the cheerful meal, were just as usual. Mr. Brownlow, too, was at the table, holding his usual place. There was an ashy look about his face, which produced inquiries concerning

his health from every new arrival; but his answers were so brief and unencouraging that these questions soon died off into silence. And he ate nothing, and his hand shook as he put his cup of coffee to his pallid lips. All these were symptoms that might be accounted for in the simplest way by a little bodily derangement. But Jack, for his part, was afraid to meet his father's eye. "Where is Sara?" he asked, as he took his seat. And then he was met—for he was late, and most of the party were down before him—by a flutter of regrets and wonder. Poor Sara had a headache—so bad a headache that she would not even have any one go into her room. "Angeline was keeping the door like a little tiger," one of the young ladies said, "and would let nobody in." "And, oh, tell me who it was that came so late last night," cried another. "You must know. We are all at such a pitch of curiosity. It must be a foreign prince, or the prime minister, or some great beauty, we can't make up our minds which; and, of course, it is breakfasting in its own room this morning. Nobody will tell us who it was. Do tell us!—we are all dying to know."

"You will all be dreadfully disappointed," said Jack. "It was neither a prince nor a beauty. As for prime minister I don't know. Such things have been heard of as that a prime minister should be an old woman!"

"An old woman!" said his innocent interlocutor. "Then it must be Lady Motherwell. Oh, I don't wonder poor Sara has a headache. But you know you are only joking. Her dear Charley would never let her come storming to anybody's door like that."

"It was not Lady Motherwell," said Jack. Heaven knows he was in no mood for jesting; but when it is a matter which is past talking of, what can a man do?

"Oh, then, I know who it must have been!" cried the spokeswoman of the party. She was, however, suddenly interrupted. Mr. Brownlow, who had scarcely said a word as yet to any one, interposed. There was something in his tone which somehow put them all to silence.

"I am sorry to put a stop to your speculations," he said. "It was only one of my clients on urgent business—that was all; business," he added, with a curious kind of apology, "which has kept me up half the night."

"Oh, Mr. Brownlow, I am so sorry. You are tired, and we have been teasing you," said the lively questioner, with quick compunction.

"No, not teasing me," he said, gravely. And then a dead silence ensued. It was not anything in his words. His words were simple enough; and yet every one of his guests instantly began to think that his or her stay had been long enough, and that it was time to go away.

As Mr. Brownlow spoke he met Jack's eye, and returned his look steadily. So far he was

himself again. He was impenetrable, antagonistic, almost defiant. But there was no hovering horror in his look. He was terribly grave, and ashy pale, and bore traces that what had happened was no light matter. His look gave his son a sensation of relief, and perhaps encouraged him in levity of expression, though, Heaven knows, there was little levity in his mind.

"I told you," he said, "it might have been the prime minister, but it certainly was an old woman; and there I stop. I can't give any further information; I am not one of the Privy Council." Then he laughed, but it was an uncomfortable laugh. It deepened the silence all around, and looked like a family quarrel, and made everybody feel ill at ease.

"I don't think any one here can be much interested in details," said Mr. Brownlow, coldly; and then he rose to leave the table. It was his habit to leave the table early, and on ordinary occasions his departure made little commotion; but to-day it was different. They all clustered up to their feet as he went out of the room. Nobody knew what should be done that day. The men looked awkwardly at each other; the women tried hard to be the same as before, and failed, having Jack before them, who was far from looking the same. "I suppose, Jack, you will not go out to-day," one of his companions said, though they had not an idea why.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," said Jack, and then he made a pause; and everybody looked at him. "After all," he continued, "you all know your way about; as Sara has a headache I had better stay;" and he hurried their departure that he might get rid of them. His father had not gone out; the dog cart had come to the door, but it had been sent off again. He was in the library, Willis said in a whisper; and though he had been so many years with Mr. Brownlow and knew all his ways, Willis was obviously startled too. For one moment Jack thought of cross-questioning the butler to see what light he could throw upon the matter—if he had heard anything on the previous night, or suspected anything—but on second thoughts he dismissed the idea. Whatever it was, it was from his father himself that he ought to have the explanation. But though Mr. Brownlow was in the library Jack did not go to him there. He loitered about till his friends were gone, and till the ladies of the party, finding him very impracticable and with no amusement in him, had gone off upon their various ways. He did his best to be civil, even playful, poor fellow, being for the moment everybody's representative, both master and mistress of the house. But though there was no absolute deficiency in anything he said or did, they were all too sharp-witted to be taken in. "He has something on his mind," one matron of the party said to the other. "They have something on all their minds, my dear," said the other, solemnly; and they talked very significantly and mysteriously of

the Brownlows as they filled Sara's morning-room with their work and various devices, for it was a foggy, wretched day, and no one cared to venture out. Jack meanwhile drew a long breath of relief when all his guests were thus off his mind. He stood in the hall and hesitated, and saw Willis watching him from a corner with undisguised anxiety. Perhaps but for that he would have gone to his father; but with everybody watching him, looking on speculating what it might be, he could not go. And yet something must be done. At last, after he had watched the last man out and the last lady go away, he turned, and went slowly up-stairs to Sara's door.

When his voice was heard there was a little rush within, and Sara came to him. She was very pale, and had the air of a watcher to whom the past night had brought no sleep. It even seemed to Jack that she was in the same dress that she had worn the previous night, though that was a delusion. As soon as she saw that it was her brother, and that he was alone, she sent the maid away, and, taking him by the arm, drew him into the little outer room. There had not been any sentimental fraternity between them in a general way. They were very good friends, and fond of each other, but not given to manifestations of sympathy and devotion. But this time as soon as he was within the door and she had him to herself, Sara threw her arms round Jack, and leant against him, and went off without any warning into a sudden burst of emotion—not tears exactly. It was rather a struggle against tears. She sobbed and her breast heaved, and she clasped him convulsively. Jack was terribly surprised and shocked, feeling that so unusual an outburst must have a serious cause, and he was very tender with his sister. It did not last more than a minute, but it did more to convince him of the gravity of the crisis than anything else had done. Sara regained command of herself almost immediately and ceased sobbing, and raised her head from his shoulder. "She is there," she whispered, pointing to the inner room, and then she turned and went before him leading the way. The white curtains of Sara's bed were drawn at one side, so as to screen the interior of the chamber. Within that enclosure a fire was burning brightly, and seated by it in an easy-chair wrapped in one of Sara's pretty dressing-gowns, with unaccustomed embroideries and soft frills and ribbons enclosing her brown worn hands and meagre throat, Mrs. Preston half sat, half reclined. The firelight was flickering about her, and she lay back and looked at it and at everything around her with a certain dreadful satisfaction. She looked round about upon the room and its comforts as people look on a new purchase. Enjoyment—a certain pleasure of possession—was written on her face.

When she saw Jack she moved a little, and drew the muslin wrapper more closely round her throat with a curious instinct of prudish propriety. It was the same woman to whose

society he had accustomed himself as Pamela's mother, and whom he had tutored himself to look upon as a necessary part of his future household, but yet she was a different creature. He did not know her in this new development. He followed Sara into her presence with a new sense of repulsion, a reluctance and dislike which he had never felt before. And Mrs. Preston for her part received him with an air which was utterly inexplicable—an air of patronage which made his blood boil.

"I hope you are better," he said, not knowing how to begin; and then, after a pause, "Should not I go and tell Pamela that you are here? or would you like me to take you home?"

"I consider myself at home," said Mrs. Preston, sitting up suddenly and bursting into speech. "I will send for Pamela, when it is all settled. I am very thankful to your sister for taking care of me last night. She shall find that it will be to her advantage. Sit down—I am sorry, Mr. John, that I cannot say the same for you."

"What is it you cannot say for me?" said Jack: "I don't know in the least what you would be at, Mrs. Preston; I suppose there must be some explanation of this strange conduct. What does it mean?"

"You will find that it means a great deal," said the changed woman. "When you came to me to my poor little place, I did not want to have anything to say to you; but I never thought of putting any meaning to what you were doing. I was as innocent as a baby—I thought it was all love to my poor child. That was what I thought. And now you've stolen her heart away from me, and I know what it was for—I know what it was for."

"Then what was it for?" said Jack, abruptly. He was by turns red and pale with anger. He found it very hard to keep his temper now that he was personally assailed.

"It was for this," cried Pamela's mother, with a shrill ring in her voice, pointing, as it seemed, to the pretty furniture and pictures round her—"for all this, and the fine house, and the park, and the money—that was what it was for. You thought you'd marry her and keep it all, and that I should never know what was my rights. But now I do know;—and you would have killed me last night!" she cried wildly, drawing back, with renewed passion—"you and your father; you would have killed me; I should have been a dead woman by this time if it had not been for her!"

Jack made a hoarse exclamation in his throat as she spoke. The room seemed to be turning round with him. He seemed to be catching glimpses of her meaning through some wild chaos of misunderstanding and darkness. He himself had never wished her ill, not even when she promised to be a burden on him. "Is she mad?" he said, turning to Sara; but he felt that she was not mad; it was something more serious than that.

"I know my rights," she said, calming down

instantaneously. "It's my house you've been living in, and my money that has made you all so fine. You need not start, or pretend as if you didn't know. It was for that you came and beguiled my Pamela. You might have left me my Pamela; house, and money, and every thing, even down to my poor mother's blessing," said Mrs. Preston, breaking down pitifully, and falling into a passion of tears. "You have taken them all, you and yours; but you might have left me my child!"

Jack stood aghast while all this was being poured forth upon him; but Sara, for her part, fell a-crying too. "She has been saying the same all night," said Sara; "what have we to do with her money or her mother's blessing? Oh, Jack, what have we to do with them? What does it mean? I don't understand anything but about Pamela and you."

"Nor I," said Jack, in despair, and he made a little raid through the room in his consternation, that the sight of the two women crying might not make a fool of him; then he came back with the energy of desperation. "Look here, Mrs. Preston," he said, "there may be some money question between my father and you—I can't tell; but we have nothing to do with it. I know nothing about it. I think most likely you have been deceived somehow. But, right or wrong, this is not the way to clear it up. Money cannot be claimed in this wild way. Get a lawyer who knows what he is doing to see after it for you; and in the meantime go home like a rational creature. You cannot be permitted to make a disturbance here."

"You shall never have a penny of it," cried Mrs. Preston—"not a penny, if you should be starving—nor Pamela either; I will tell her all—that you wanted her for her money; and she will scorn you as I do—you shall have nothing from her or me."

"Answer for yourself," cried Jack, furious, "or be silent. She shall not be brought in. What do I care for your money? Sara, be quiet, and don't cry. She ought never to have been brought here."

"No," cried the old woman, in her passion, "I ought to have been cast out on the roadside, don't you think, to die if I liked? or I ought to have been killed, as you tried last night. That's what you would do to me, while you slept soft and lived high. But my time has come. It's yod that must go to the door—the door!—and you need expect no pity from me."

She sat in her feebleness and poverty as on a throne, and defied them, and they stood together bewildered by their ignorance, and did not know what answer to make her. Though it sounded like madness, it might be true. For any thing they could tell, what she was saying might have some foundation unknown to them. Sara by this time had dried her tears, and indignation had begun to take the place of distress in her mind. She gave her brother an

appealing look, and clasped her hands. "Jack, answer her—do you know what to say to her?" she cried, stamping her little foot on the ground with impatience; "somebody must know; are we to stand by and hear it all, and do nothing? Jack, answer her!—unless she is mad."

"I think she must be partly mad," said Jack. "But it must be put a stop to somehow. Go and fetch my father. He is in the library. Whatever it may be, let us know at least what it means. I will stay with her here."

When she heard these words, the strange inmate of Sara's room came down from her height and relapsed into a feeble old woman. She called Sara not to go, to stay and protect her. She shrank back into her chair, drawing it away into a corner at the furthest distance possible, and sat there watchful and frightened, eyeing Jack as a hunted creature might eye the tiger which might at any moment spring upon it. Jack, for his part, with an exclamation of impatience, turned on his heel and went away from her, as far as space would permit. Impatience began to swallow up every other sentiment in his mind. He could not put up with it any longer. Whatever the truth might be, it was evident that it must be faced and acknowledged at once. While he kept walking about impatient and exasperated, all his respect for Pamela's mother died out of his mind; even, it must be owned, in his excitement, the image of Pamela herself went back into the mists. A certain disgust took possession of him. If it was true that his father had schemed and struggled for the possession of this woman's miserable money—if the threat of claiming it had moved him with some vague but awful temptation, such as Jack shuddered to think of; and if the idea of having rights and possessing something had changed the mild and humble woman who was Pamela's mother into this frantic and insulting fury, then what was there worth caring for, what was there left to believe in, in this world? Perhaps even Pamela herself had been changed by this terrible test. Jack did not wish for the wings of a dove, being too matter-of-fact for that. But he felt as if he would like to set out for New Zealand without saying a word to anybody, without breathing a syllable to a single soul on the way. It seemed as if that would be the only thing to do—he himself might get frantic or desperate too like the others about a little money. The backwoods, sheep-shearing, any thing would be preferable to that.

This pause lasted for some minutes, for Sara did not immediately return. When she came back, however, a heavier footstep accompanied her up the stair. Mr. Brownlow came into the room, and went at once towards the further corner. He had made up his mind; once more he had become perfectly composed, calm as an attorney watching his client's case. He called Jack to him, and went and stood by the table, facing Mrs. Preston. "I hear you have

sent for me to know the meaning of all this," he said; "I will tell you, for you have a right to know. Twenty-five years ago, before either of you was born, I had some money left me, which was to be transferred to a woman called Phœbe Thomson, if she could be found out or appeared within twenty-five years. I searched for her everywhere, but I could not find her. Latterly I forgot her existence to a great extent. The five-and-twenty years were out last night, and just before the period ended this—lady—as you both know, appeared. She says she is Phœbe Thomson, the legatee I have told you of. She may be so—I have nothing to say against her; but the proof lies with her, not me. This is all the explanation there is to make."

When he had said it he drew a long breath of relief. It was the truth. It was not perhaps all the truth; but he had told the secret, which had weighed him down for months, and the burden was off his heart. He felt a little sick and giddy as he stood there before his children. He did not look them in the face. In his heart he knew there were many more particulars to tell. But it was not for them to judge of his heart. "I have told you the secret, so far as there is a secret," he said, with a faint smile at them, and then sat down suddenly, exhausted with the effort. It was not so difficult after all. Now that it was done, a faint wonder crossed his mind that he had not done it long ago, and saved himself all this trouble. But still he was glad to sit down. Somehow, it took the strength out of him as few things had done before.

"A legatee!" burst forth Sara in amazement, not understanding the word. "Is that all? Papa, she says the house is hers, and everything is hers. She says we have no right here. Is it true?"

As for Jack, he looked his father steadily in the face, asking, Was it true? more imperiously than Sara's words did. If this were all, what was the meaning of the almost tragedy last night? They forgot the very existence of the woman who was the cause of it all as they turned upon him. Poverty and wealth were small matters in comparison. He was on his trial at an awful tribunal, before judges too much alarmed, too deeply interested, to be lenient. They turned their backs upon Mrs. Preston, who, notwithstanding her fear and anxiety, could not bear the neglect. Their disregard of her roused her out of her own self-confidence and certainty, to listen with a certain forlorn eagerness. She had not paid much attention to what Mr. Brownlow said the first time. What did it matter what he said? Did not she know better? But when Jack and Sara turned their backs on her, and fixed their eyes on their father, she woke up with an intense mortification and disappointment at finding herself overlooked, and began to listen too.

Mr. Brownlow rose up as a man naturally

does who has to plead guilty or not guilty for his life. He stood before them, putting his hand on the table to support himself. "It is not true," he said. "I do not deny that I have been thinking a great deal about this. If I had but known, I should have told you; but these are the real facts. If she is Phœbe Thomson, as she says—though of that we have no proof—she is entitled to fifty thousand pounds which her mother left her. That is the whole. To pay her her legacy may force me to leave this house, and change our mode of living; but she has nothing to do with the house—nothing here is hers, absolutely nothing. She has no more to do with Brownlows than your baker has, or your dress-maker. If she is Phœbe Thomson, I shall owe her money—nothing more. I might have told you, if I had but known."

What Mr. Brownlow meant was, that he would have told them had he known, after all, how little it would cost to tell it. After all, there was nothing disgraceful in the tale, notwithstanding the terrible shifts to which he had put himself to conceal it. He had spoken it out, and now his mind was free. If he had but known what a relief it would be! But he sat down as soon as he had finished speaking; and he did not feel as if he could pay much attention to anything else. His mind was in a state of confusion about what had happened the previous night. It seemed to him that he had said or done something he ought not to have done or said. But now he had made his supreme disclosure, and given up the struggle. It did not much matter what occurred beside.

Mrs. Preston, however, who had been listening eagerly, and whom nobody regarded for the moment, rose up and made a step forward among them. "He may deny it," she said, trembling; "but I know he's known it all this time, and kept us out of our rights. Fifty pound—fifty thousand pound—what does he say? I know better. It is all mine, every penny, and he's been keeping us out of our rights. You've been all fed and nourished on what was mine—your horses and your carriages, and all your grandeur; and he says it's but fifty pounds! Don't you remember that there's One that protects the fatherless?" she cried out, almost screaming. The very sight of his composure made her wild and desperate. "You make no account of me," she cried—"no more than if I was the dust under your feet, and I'm the mistress of all—of all; and if it had not been for her you would have killed me last night."

These words penetrated even Mr. Brownlow's stupor; he gave a shudder as if with the cold. "I was very hard driven last night," he said, as if to himself—"very hard put to it. I don't know what I may have said." Then he made a pause, and rose and went to his enemy, who fell back into the chair, and took fright as he approached her, putting out her

two feeble hands to defend herself. "If you are Phœbe Thomson," he said, "you shall have your rights. I know nothing about you—I never thought of you. This house is mine, and you have nothing to do here. All you have any right to is your money, and you shall have your money when you prove your identity. But I cannot leave you here to distress my child. If you are able to think at all, you must see that you ought to go home. Send for the carriage to take her home," Mr. Brownlow added, turning to his children. "If she is the person she calls herself, she is a relation of your mother's; and anyhow, she is weak and old. Take care of her. Sara, my darling, you are not to stay here with her, nor let her vex you; but I leave her in your hands."

"I will do what you tell me, papa," said Sara; and then he stood for a moment and looked at them wistfully. They had forsaken him last night; both of them—or at least so he fancied—had gone over to the enemy; and that had cut him to the heart. Now he turned to them wistfully, looking for a little support and comfort. It would not be so hard after all if his children went with him into captivity. They had both been so startled and excited that but for this look, and the lingering, expectant pause he made, neither would have thought of their father's feelings. But it was impossible to misunderstand him now. Sara, in her impulsive way, went up to him and put her arms round his neck. "Papa, it is we who have been hard upon you," she said; and as for Jack, who could not show his feelings by an embrace, he also made a kind of *amende* in an ungracious masculine way. He said, "I'm coming with you, sir. I'll see after the carriage," and marched off behind his father to the door. Neither of them took any further notice of Mrs. Preston. It seemed to her as if they did not care. They were not afraid of her; they did not come obsequiously to her feet, as she had thought they would. On the contrary, they were banding together among themselves against her, making a league among themselves, taking no notice of her. And her own child was not there to comfort her heart. It was a great shock and downfall to the unhappy woman. She had been a good woman so long as she was untempted. But it had seemed to her, in the wonderful prospect of a great fortune, that everybody would fall at her feet; that she would be able to do what she pleased—to deal with all her surroundings as she pleased. When she saw she could not do so, her mind grew confused—fifty pound, fifty thousand pound, which was it? And she was alone, and they were all banding themselves against her. Money seemed nothing in comparison to the elevation, the supremacy she had dreamed of. And they did not even take the trouble to look at her as they went away!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MOTHER AND LOVER.

JACK followed his father down stairs, and did not say a word. It had been an exciting morning; and now that he knew all, though the excitement had not as yet begun to flag, care came along with it. Suspense and mystery were hard, and yet at the same time easier to bear than reality. The calamity might have loomed larger while it was unknown, but at least it was unaccompanied by those real details from which there is no escape. When Mr. Brownlow and his son reached the bottom of the stair, they stopped, and turned and looked at each other. A certain shade of apology was in Mr. Brownlow's tone. "I thought it was all over last night," he said; "I thought you were all safe. You know my meaning now."

"Safe, sir, safe!" said Jack, "with this always hanging over our heads? I don't understand why we were not allowed to know; but never mind. I am glad it has come, and there is nothing more to look for. It bears interest, I suppose."

"That may be a matter of arrangement. I suppose it does," said Mr. Brownlow, with a sigh.

Jack gave vent to his feelings in a low, faint, prolonged whistle. "I'll go and tell them about the carriage," he said. This was all the communication that passed between the father and the son; but it was enough to show Mr. Brownlow that Jack was not thinking, as he might very naturally have thought, of his new position as the future son-in-law of the woman who had wrought so much harm. Jack's demeanour, though he did not say a word of sympathy to his father, was quite the contrary of this. He did not make any professions, but he took up the common family burden upon his shoulders. The fifty thousand pounds was comparatively little. It was a sum which could be measured and come to an end of; but the interest, that was the dreadful thought. Jack was practical, and his mind jumped at it on the moment. It was as a dark shadow which had come over him, and which he could not shake off. Brownlows was none of hers, and yet she might not be wrong after all in thinking that all was hers. The actual claim was heavy enough, but the possible claim was overwhelming. It seemed to Jack to go into the future and overshadow that as it overshadowed the present. No wonder Mr. Brownlow had been in despair — no wonder almost — the young man gave a very heavy sigh as he went into the stable-yard and gave his instructions. He stood and brooded over it with his brow knitted and his hands buried in his pockets, while the horses were put into the carriage. As for such luxuries, they counted for nothing, or at least so he thought for the moment — nothing to *him*; but a burden that would lie upon them for years — a shadow of

debt and difficulty projected into the future — that seemed more than any man could bear. It will be seen from this that the idea of his own relations with Pamela making any difference in the matter had not crossed Jack's mind. He would have been angry had any one suggested it. Not that he thought of giving up Pamela; but in the mean time the idea of having anything to do with Mrs. Preston was horrible to him, and he was not a young man who was always reasonable and sensible, and took everything into consideration, any more than the rest of us. To tell the truth, he had no room in his thoughts for the idea of marriage or of Pamela at that moment. He strode round to the hall door as the coachman got on the box, and went up to Sara's room without stopping to think. "The carriage is here," he said, calling to Sara at the door. He would have taken the intruder down-stairs, and put her into the carriage as courteously as if she had been a duchess; for, as we have already said, there was a certain fine natural politeness in the Brownlow blood. But when he heard the excited old woman still raving about her rights, and that they wanted to kill her, the young man became impatient. He was weary of her; and when she fell into threats of what she would do, disgust mingled with his impatience. Then all at once, while he waited, a sudden thought struck him of his little love. Poor little Pamela! what could she be thinking all this time? How would she feel when she heard that her mother had become their active enemy? In a moment there flitted before Jack, as he stood at the door, a sudden vision of the little uplifted face, pale as it had grown of late, with the wistful eyes wide open and the red lips apart, and the pretty rings of hair clustering about the forehead. What would Pamela think when she knew? What was to be done, now that this division, worse than any unkind sentence of a rich father, had come between them? It was no fault of hers, no fault of his; fate had come between them in the wildest unlooked for way. And should they have to yield to it? The thought gave Jack such a sudden twinge in his own heart, that it roused him altogether out of his preoccupation. It roused him to that fine self-regard which is so natural, and which is reckoned a virtue nowadays. What did it matter about an old mother? Such people had had their day, and had no right to control the young whose day was still to come. Pamela's future and Jack's future were of more importance than anything that could happen at the end, as it were, of Mrs. Preston's life, or even of Mr. Brownlow's life. This was the consideration that woke Jack up out of the strange maze he had fallen into on the subject of his own concerns. He turned on his heel all at once, and left Mrs. Preston arguing the matter with Sara, and went off down the avenue almost as rapidly as his own mare could have done it. No, by Jove! he was not going to give up. Mrs. Preston might

eat her money if she liked—might ruin Brownlows if she liked; but she should not interfere between him and his love. And Jack felt that there was no time to lose, and that Pamela must know how matters stood, and what he expected of her, before her mother went back to poison her mind against him. He took no time to knock even at the door of Mrs. Swayne's cottage, but went in and took possession like an invading army. Probably, if he had been a young man of very delicate and susceptible mind, the very knowledge that Pamela might now be considered an heiress, and himself a poor man, would have closed up the way to him, and turned his steps for ever from the door. But Jack was not of that fine order of humanity. He was a young man who liked his own way, and was determined not to be unhappy if he could help it, and held tenaciously by everything that belonged to him. Such matter-of-fact natures are seldom moved by the sentimentalisms of self-sacrifice. He had not the smallest idea of sacrificing himself, if the truth must be told. He strode along, rushing like the wind, and went straight in at Mrs. Swayne's door. Nobody interrupted his passage or stood in his way; nobody even saw him but old Betty, who came out to her door to see who had passed, so quickly, and shook her head over him. "He goes there a deal more than is good for him," Betty said, and then, as it was cold, shut the door.

Pamela had been sitting in the dingy parlour all alone; and, to tell the truth, she had been crying a little. She did not know where her mother was; she did not know when she was coming back. No message had reached her, nor letter, nor any sign of life, and she was frightened and very solitary. Jack, too, since he knew she was alone and could be seen at any hour, did not make so many anxious pilgrimages as he had done when Mrs. Preston was ill and the road was barred against him. She had no one to tell her fears to, no one to encourage and support her, and the poor child had broken down dreadfully. She was sitting at the window trying to read one of Mrs. Swayne's books, trying not to ask herself who it was that came so late to Brownlows last night? what was her mother doing? what was Jack doing? The book, as may be supposed, had small chance against all these anxieties. It had dropped upon the table before her, and her innocent tears had been dropping on it, when a sudden shadow flitted past the window, and a footstep rang on the steps, and Jack was in the room. The sight of him changed wonderfully the character of Pamela's tears, but yet it increased her agitation. Nobody in her small circle except herself had any faith in him; and she knew that, at this present moment, he ought not to come.

"No, I am not sorry to see you," she said, in answer to his accusation, "I am glad; but you should not come. Mamma is away. I am all alone."

"You have the more need of me," said Jack.

"But listen, Pamela. Your mother is not away. She is here at Brownlows. She is coming directly. I rushed off to see you before she arrived. I must speak to you first. Remember you are mine—whatever happens, you are mine, and you cannot forsake me."

"Forsake you?" cried Pamela, in pitiful accents. "Is it likely? If there is any forsaking, it will be you. You know—oh, you know you have not much to fear."

"I have everything to fear," said Jack, speaking very fast; "your mother is breathing fire and flame against us all. She is coming back our enemy. She will tell you I have had a mercenary meaning from the beginning, and she will order you to give me up. But don't do it, Pamela. I am not the sort of man to be given up. We were going to be poor, and marry against my father's will; now we shall be poor, and marry against your mother's—that is all the difference. You have chosen me, and you must give up her and not me. That is all I have to say."

"Give up mamma?" cried Pamela, in amazement. "I don't know what you mean. You promised I was to have her with me, and take care of her always. She would die without me. Oh Jack, why have you changed so soon?"

"It is not I that have changed," said Jack; "everything has changed. This is what it will come to. It will be to give up her or me. I don't say I will die without you," said the young man—"no such luck; but—Look here, Pamela, this is what it will come to. You will have to choose between her and me."

"Oh no, no!" cried Pamela; "no! don't say so. I am not the one to choose. Don't turn away from me! don't look so pale and dreadful! it is not me to choose."

"But it is you, by heavens!" cried Jack, in desperation. "Here she is coming! It is not your old mother who was to live with us—it is a different woman—here she is. Is it to be her or me?"

"Oh, Jack!" Pamela cried, thinking he was mad; and she submitted to his fierce embrace in utter bewilderment, not knowing what to imagine. To see the Brownlows carriage dash down the avenue and wheel round at the door and open to let Mrs. Preston forth was as great a wonder as if the earth had opened. She could not tell what was going to happen. It was a relief to her to be held fast and kept back—her consternation took her strength from her. She was actually unable to follow her first impulse and rush to the door.

Mrs. Preston came in by herself, quiet but tremulous. Her head shook a little, but there was no sign of weakness about her now. She had been defeated, but she had got over the bitterness of her defeat and was prepared for a struggle. Jack felt the difference when he looked at her. He had been contemptuous of her weak passion and repetition about her rights; but he saw the change in a moment, and he met her, standing up, holding Pamela

fast, with his arm round her. Mrs. Preston had carried the war into her enemy's camp, and gone to his house to demand, as she thought, everything he had in the world. These were Jack's reprisals—he came to her citadel and claimed everything *she* had in the world. It was his, and, more than that, it was already given to him—his claim was allowed.

"You are here!" cried Mrs. Preston, passionately. "I thought you would be here! you have come before me to steal her from me. I knew how it would be!"

"I have come to claim what is mine," said Jack, "before you interfere. I know you will try to step between us; but you are not to step between us—do what you like, she is mine."

"Pamela," said Mrs. Preston, still, notwithstanding her late defeat, believing somehow strangely in the potency of the new fortune for which she felt everybody should fall at her feet, "things have changed. Stand away from him, and listen to me. We're rich now—we shall have everything that heart ever desired; there is not a thing you can think of but what I can give it you. You've thought I was hard upon you, dear, but it was all for your sake. What do I care for money, but for your sake?—Everything you can think of, Pamela—it will be like a fairy tale."

Pamela stood still for one moment, looking at her mother and her lover. She had disengaged herself from him, and stood, unrestrained, to make her election. "If it is so, mamma," she said, "I don't know what you mean—you know I don't understand; but if it is, there's no more difficulty. It does not matter so much whether Mr. Brownlow consents or not."

"Mr. Brownlow!" cried her mother; "Mr. Brownlow has been your enemy, child, since long before you were born. He has taken your money to bring up his own fine lady upon. He has sent his son here when he can't do any better, to marry you and keep the money. Sir, go away from my child. It's your money he wants; your money, not you."

Pamela turned round with surprise and terror in her face, and looked at Jack; then she smiled softly and shook her head. "Mamma, you are mistaken," she said, in her soft little voice, and held out her hand to him. Mrs. Preston threw up her arms above her head wildly, and gave an exceeding bitter cry.

"I am her mother," she cried out, "her own mother, that have nursed her and watched over her, and given up everything to her—and she chooses him rather than me—him that she has not known a year—that wants her for her money, or for her pretty face. She chooses him before me!"

She stood up alone, calling upon heaven and earth, as it were, to see; while the two clung together dismayed and pitiful, yet holding fast by each other still. It was the everlasting struggle so continually repeated; the past against the present and the future—the old love against the new—and not any question of worldly interest. It was the tragic figure of

disappointment and desolation and age in face of hope and love and joy. What she had been doing was poor and mean enough. She had been intoxicated by the vision of sudden wealth, and had expected everybody to be abject before her; but now a deeper element had come in. She forgot the fortune, the money, though it was still on her lips, and cried out, in the depth of her despair, over the loss of the only real wealth she had in the world. No tears came to her old eyes—her old meagre arms rose rigid, yet trembling. "She chooses him before me!" she said, with a cry of despair, which came from the bottom of her heart.

"Mamma," cried poor little Pamela, tearing her hand from that of her lover, and coming doubtfully into the midst between the two, "I don't choose! oh, mamma, how can I choose? I never was away from you in my life—he promised we never were to be parted. How am I to give him up? Oh, why, why should you ask me to give him up?" cried the poor child. Floods of tears came to her aid. She put her pretty hands together like a child at prayer—every line in her sweet face was in itself a supplication. Jack, behind her, stood and watched and said nothing. Perhaps he saw, notwithstanding, that it was against his interests—and in his heart had a certain mournful pity for the despair in the old woman's terrible face.

"But I expect you to choose," she said, wildly; "things have come to that. It must be him or me—him or me; there's no midway between us. I am your old mother, your poor old mother, that would pluck my heart out of my breast to give it you. I've survived them all, and done without them all, and lived for your sake. And he is a young man that was taken with your pretty face—say it was your pretty face—say the best that can be said. If you were like death—if you lost all your beauty and your pretty ways—if you were ugly and ailing and miserable,—it would be all the same to me; I would love you all the more—all the more; and he—he would never look at you again. That's nature. I require you to choose. It must be him or me!"

As she stood listening, a change came over Pamela's face. Her first appeal to her mother had been full of emotion, but of a gentle, hopeful, almost superficial kind. She had taken tears to her aid and pleading looks, and believed in their success now as always. But as Mrs. Preston spoke, Pamela's little innocent soul was shaken as by an earthquake. She woke up and opened her eyes, and found that she was in a world new to her—a world no longer of prayers and tears, and sweet yielding, and tender affection. It was not tender affection she had to do with now; it was fierce love, desperate and ruthless, ready to tear her asunder. Her tears dried up, her pretty cheeks grew pale as death, she looked from one to the other with a wild look of wonder, asking if it was true. When her mother's voice ceased, it seemed to Pamela that the world stood still for the moment, and everything in heaven and earth held

its breath. She looked at Jack; he stood motionless, with his face clouded over, and made no answer to her pitiful appeal. She looked at Mrs. Preston, and saw her mother's eager face hollow and excited, her eyes blazing, her cheeks burning with a strange hectic heat. For one moment she stood irresolute. Then she made one tottering step to her mother's side, and turned round and looked at her lover. Once more she clasped her hands, though she had no longer any hope in pleading. "I must stay here," she said, with a long-drawn sobbing sigh — "I must stay here, if I should die."

They stood thus and looked at each other for one of those moments which is as long as an age. The mother would have taken her child to her arms, but Pamela would not. "Not now, not now!" she said, putting back the embrace. Jack, for his part, stood and watched with an intensity of perception he had never exercised before — all power of speech seemed to have been taken from him. The struggle had ascended into a higher region of passion than he knew of. He turned and went to the door, with the intention, so far as he had any intention, of retiring for the moment from the contest. Then he came back again. Whatever the pressure on him might be, he could not leave Pamela so.

"Look here," he said, abruptly; "I am going away. But if you think I accept this as a choice or decision, you are much mistaken. You force her to give in to you, and then you think I am to accept it! I'll do no such thing. She could not say anything else, or do anything else — but all the same, she is mine. You can't touch that, do what you like. Pamela, darling, don't lose heart; it's only for a little while."

He did not stop to listen to what her mother said; he turned at once and went out, unconsciously, in his excitement, thrusting Mrs. Swayne out of his way, who was in the passage. He went off up the avenue at a stretch without ever drawing breath. A hundred wild thoughts rose in his mind; her mother! what was her mother to him? He was ready to vow with Hamlet, that twenty thousand mothers could not have filled up his sum of love; and yet he was not blaming his Pamela. She could not not have done otherwise. Why had he never been told? Why had not he known that this downfall was hanging over him? Why had he been such a fool as to give in at all to the sweet temptation? Now, of course, when things had come this length, he would as soon have cut his own throat as given Pamela up. And what with love and rage, and the sudden calamity, and the gradual exasperation, he was beside himself, and did not well know what he was about. He was almost too much absorbed in his own affairs to be able to understand Sara, who came to him as he entered the house, and drew him aside into the dining-room to speak to him. Sara was pale enough to justify her pretext of headache, but otherwise she was full of energy and spirit, and met the emergency with a courageous heart.

"We must face it out as well as we can, Jack," she said, with her eyes shining out large and full from her white face. "We must keep up before all these people. They must not be able to go away and say that something went terribly wrong at Brownlows. We must keep it up to the last."

"Pshaw! what does it matter what they think or what they say?" said Jack, sitting down with a sigh of weariness. As for Sara, who was not tired, nor had any personal complication to bow her down, she blazed up at his indifference.

"It matters everything!" she cried. "We may not be a county family any more, nor fine people, but we are always the Brownlows of Masterton. Nobody must have a word to say about it — for papa's sake."

"Everybody will soon be at liberty to say what they please about it," said Jack. "Where is he? I had better go and talk to him, I suppose?"

"Papa is in the library," said Sara. "Jack, he wants our support. He wants us to stand by him — or, I mean, he wants you; as for me," she continued, with a flash of mingled softness and defiance, "he knows I would not forsake him; he wants you."

"Why shouldn't you forsake him?" said Jack, with a momentary growl; "and why should he be doubtful of me?"

But he did not wait for any answer. He took the decanter of sherry from the sideboard, and swallowed he did not know how much; and then he went off to the library to seek out his father. There was a certain stealthiness about the house — a feeling that the people belonging to it were having interviews in corners, that they were consulting each other, making solemn decisions, and that their guests were much in the way. Though Sara rushed away immediately to the room where her friends were, after waylaying her brother, her appearance did not alter the strong sense everybody had of the state of affairs. The very servants slunk out of Jack's way, and stood aside in corners to watch him going into the library. He called the footman out of his hiding-place as he passed, and swore at him for an impertinent fool. The man had been doing nothing that was impertinent, and yet he did not feel that there was injustice in the accusation. Something very serious had happened, and the consciousness of it had gone all through the house.

Mr. Brownlow was sitting in the library doing nothing. That, at least, was his visible aspect. Within himself he had been calculating and reckoning up till his wearied brain whirled with the effort. He sat leaning his arms on the table and his head in his hands. By this time his powers of thought had failed him. He sat looking on, as it were, and saw the castle of his prosperity crumbling down into dust before him. Everything he had ever aimed at seemed to drop from him. He had no longer anything to conceal; but he knew that he had stood at the bar before his children, and had been pardoned

but not justified. They would stand by him, but they did not approve him; and they had seen the veil of his heart lifted, and had looked in and found darker things there than he himself had ever been conscious of. He was so absorbed in this painful maze of thought that he did not even look up when Jack came in. Of course Jack would come; he knew that. Jack was ruined; they were all ruined. All for the advantage of a miserable woman who would get no comfort out of her inheritance, whose very life was hanging on a thread. It seemed hard to him that Providence, which had always been so kind to him, should permit it. When his son came in and drew a chair to the other side of the table he roused himself. "Is it you, Jack?" he said; "I am so tired that I fear I am stupid. I was very hard driven last night."

"Yes," said Jack, with a little shudder; and

Mr. Brownlow looked at him, and their eyes met, and they knew what each had meant. It was a hard moment for the father who had been mad, and had come to his senses again, but yet did not know what horrible suspicion it was under which for a moment he had lain.

"I was hard driven," he repeated, pathetically — "very hard put to it. I had been standing out for a long time, and then in a moment I broke down — that is how it was. But I shall be able to talk it all over with you — by-and-by."

"That was what I came for, sir," said Jack. "We must know what we are to do."

And then Mr. Brownlow put down his supporting hands from his head, and steadied himself in a wearied wondering way. Jack for the moment had the authority on his side.

In No. 1221 we copied from the *Saturday Review* an attack-upon Miss Braddon, following one in the same line from the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. The charge amounted to a wholesale plagiarism by her, under the name of Babington White. To answer this in Miss Braddon's Magazine there is a letter from the original editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, dated from *Hudles*, his abode since his death. Part of the argument and statements are worth reading.

A REMONSTRANCE.

"All life whatsoever is but a chaos of infirmities; and whose will reprehend must either be a god amongst men without fault, or a byword to men for his foul tongue."

Captain Shandon to the Editor of the "Pall-Mall Gazette."

SIR, — When untimely death takes a man from the friends he loves and the places that have been familiar and dear to him, his spirit still hovers over the walks he trod in the flesh, and, from the darksome shore where he stalks joyless and unquiet amongst kindred ghosts, he looks back to that busy world where he once had a place, and notes with interest the great conflict from which he has been withdrawn. And as the fond father, from his lonesome wanderings in the undiscovered country, turns with looks of yearning to the children he has left behind him, so the man of letters watches the literary bantling from which grim death reft him, eager to see how the frail nursing fares in stranger hands. From this land of shadows, I, Charles Shandon, survey with looks of wonder the dealings of a class of men whom I was once proud to call my brothers.

Alas, they have changed sadly since that day; and there are some among them now whose hands no honest man would care to take in friendship.

The old times and the old troubles come back to me, and I fancy myself sitting in the little room in the Fleet prison — sure 'twas pleasant times we had there in those days; and it grieves me to see the place is gone, and shabby boardings and tawdry flaunting bills disfigure the old walls, behind which I once found no unpleasant home. I fancy myself sitting there, I say, with a desk on my knee, writing for dear life; while my wife looks up from her work every now and then — poor patient soul! — and little Mary plays with Pendennis's watch-chain; and noble Warrington scowls at me from under his dark thoughtful brows; and Bungay the publisher waits impatient to hear my prospectus of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*.

I'll own, sir, I was a little proud of that prospectus; and I think of it still with as much satisfaction as a ghost can feel in the petty triumphs of the life that is over. It had the genuine ring; and there are not many among your literary hacks nowadays who could write such a sentence as that which Pendennis pronounced the crowning beauty of the composition. "We address ourselves to the higher circles of society; we care not to disown it. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen; its conductors speak to the classes in which they live and were born. The field-preacher has his journal; the radical free-thinker

has his journal — why should the gentlemen of England be unrepresented in the Press?"

Now, sir, there was of course some little of the tradesman's trick and bombast in this splendid paragraph; but I protest, on my honour, that when I wrote it I meant to keep this promise; and I believe that the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, while under my direction, rarely outstepped the limits which a gentleman prescribes for himself even when he is most acrimonious. The names of such contributors as Warrington and Pendennis were, indeed, a sufficient guarantee for the carrying out of intentions somewhat boldly put forth in my prospectus. Those two young men were gentlemen by birth and education. We had not yet come to the flippancy and self-conceit of the semi-educated journalist. We were often bitter. We had our pet antipathies and our trade interests; but we were always gentlemen; and when it pleased us to hate anybody, we gave utterance to our hatred in a decent and gentlemanlike manner.

These, sir, were the tactics of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* while conducted by your humble servant.

What, sir, shall I say of it now? — Can I call it a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen? Not content, Mr. Editor, with having purloined that noble sentence of which I was so justly proud, you are doing all you have the power to do to change it into a byword and a reproach. A journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen, quotha! A bundle of cuttings from other papers, garnished with flippant and frivolous comment; and little carping, spiteful paragraphs; and prurient harpings upon subjects that decency best reprobates by decent avoidance; and sham letters from sham correspondents, all breathing the same malignant feeling against some one or something respected by other people; and, to give spice to the whole, an occasional forgery.

This, sir, is the journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen, which you conduct, and which I peruse with unutterable regret.

Now, sir, I am not going to plead the cause of a certain Mr. Babington White, whose book you have chosen to condemn. The right of the critic to his opinion is indisputable; whether it be the *Edinburgh Review*, which is pleased to laugh at Mr. Wordsworth; or the *Quarterly*, which must have its joke about young Mr. Tennyson; or the united critics of France, who band themselves together to laugh down and extinguish M. Hugo and the romantic school

which he has inaugurated; or the "High-flyers at Buttons," who prefer Mr. Tickell's *Iliad* to Mr. Pope's popular version of the same epic; — the critic, for the moment is omnipotent, the Imperator of literature, supreme in the exercise of self-assumed and irresponsible power. But when you outstep the limits of criticism to carry on a crusade, not against the writer of the work you dislike, but against the Lady who conducts the Magazine in which the work appeared, I declare that you are guilty of a paltry and cowardly proceeding, eminently calculated to bring lasting discredit on the journal you edit, the proprietors of which are, I fear, unaware of the harm your foolish zeal is likely to inflict upon their property.

We will begin at the beginning, sir, if you please, and review this tilting match against a literary windmill. In the first place you criticise Mr. White's book, and stigmatize, as a dishonest translation, a novel, founded on a French drama, from which source the English writer has taken only the broad idea of his characters, and the general bearing and moral of his story. But then he has translated about half a page of the French writer's dialogue, that half-page being the key-note of his theme, and he has thus enabled you to quote a parallel passage, and by a little clever manipulation to make it appear to your readers (who, you speculate, are not acquainted with the French drama) that the whole work is a mere translation, or, in your less guarded assertion, "a novel stolen from the French." This, sir, is a specimen of the sham-sample system, in which the malevolent critic plagiarises the artifice of the dishonest chapman. Mr. Babington White may boldly proclaim his right to take his inspiration from a foreign source, as the greatest writers have done before him; and whether his book be good or bad, there is no man of letters who will deny the justice of his plea. You have demanded that this writer should "come forward," or be "produced," for your satisfaction. Where, sir, is your pillory? Where your tribunal? By what right, sir, do you ask to know more of any author than the book which it is your pleasure to review, and the name on the title-page of that book? Mr. White may elect to claim the privilege exercised by Junius; for in the republic of letters there is no license accorded to the greatest which does not belong to the least. If he is to be heard of in the future, his quality will be best proved by the work which shall bear his name: if he is to return to the obscurity from which your clamorous censures have lifted him, it can be no more

necessary for you to know what manner of man he is than it is necessary for him to discover the name of that accomplished critic who, in truculence of temper and choice of diction, resembles rather the Jeffreys of the Bloody Assize than the caustic chief of the *Edinburgh Review*.

But now, sir, we come to a very different kind of journalism; and I blush to find that the history of the newspaper press, like other histories, repeats itself, and that the days of the *Age* and the *Satirist* seem to be coming back to us. You receive, or in some manner become possessed of, a letter purporting to be written by Miss Braddon — a letter so obviously absurd, that an editor who could allow it to appear without some previous inquiry as to its authenticity must be, indeed, alike anxious to inflict injury and reckless of the reputation of his journal. The letter appears, however; and the next day appears another letter, with an anonymous signature, hinting that the book you had condemned was not written by Mr. Babington White, but by a popular lady novelist. And in your next impression appears a third letter, in which a clerk's error is twisted into an attempt at falsification, and in which a bookbinder's blunder is taken advantage of for the misspelling of Mr. Babington White's name; and from this time forward it is to be observed that your subtle sense of humour exhibits itself in the uniform mis-spelling of this writer's name, the writing of which with two *b*'s instead of one appears to you in the light of a very exquisite joke, and, indeed, a complete extinction of Mr. White and his literary pretensions; just as I have no doubt the adherents of Richard Plantagenet thought they gave the finishing stroke to all claims of Henry VII. when they described him as "one Henry Tidder." It appears, sir, that Miss Braddon is only informed of what is going on after the publication of this third foolish letter. She writes immediately to inform you that the letter purporting to bear her signature is a forgery.

Now, sir, what would be the first impulse of a "gentleman" upon discovering that by any carelessness of his he had inflicted on a lady the serious wrong involved in the publication of a very foolish letter? and, moreover, a letter which, had the public been in any way dissatisfied with the Magazine she conducts — and it would appear happily they are not — might have inflicted real trouble and annoyance upon her in her capacity of Editor. Would not the gentleman writing for gentlemen hasten to apologise for his unwitting furtherance of

a malicious plot, and would he not take immediate steps to discover the spiteful blockhead who had put this cheat upon him? Such, sir, was not your conduct. You positively abstain from any expression of regret that your paper should have been made the vehicle of private malice; and with unparalleled audacity you tell Miss Braddon that it would better have become her to write the letter which she did not write, or, in other words, that the malicious blockhead who forged her signature possessed a finer sense of honour than the lady herself! And then, sir, Miss Braddon, with natural indignation, writes to offer a reward of one hundred guineas for the discovery of the forger, and she calls upon you to reciprocate her offer. This letter you suppress, and this offer you ridicule. Mr. Babington White, whose only real offence, if offence it be (?), is that he has founded an English novelette on a French drama, is, you say, a far more reprehensible person than the spiteful blockhead who forged a lady's signature to a ridiculous letter, in the hope of placing her in a false position with the subscribers to *Belgravia* and the public generally.

And then, sir, when the voice of the Press shouts in your ear that your conduct is discreditable to journalism, you are goaded into a feeble expression of being "very sorry," and you precede this tardy piece of repentance by asserting that you have no machinery applicable to trace out the dastardly forgery. You forget, sir, that your employer is a publisher and the owner of a rival magazine to the *Belgravia*. If his signature was forged, is there no machinery by which he would essay to discover the forger? Would he be content to do nothing? It appears, sir, that your machinery is at the ready service of the scoundrel who forged Miss Braddon's signature, and that you can print and reprint the felonious document just as your caprice dictates; and thus your machinery can repeat the annoyance, to this it is quite equal; but you have no machinery that will throw any light upon, or assist in any way to drag to justice, the miscreant who deals in forgery, and who is so conveniently on the alert for an opportunity. Whenever, sir, your own signature — that of Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* — shall be forged, as Miss Braddon's has been, with the same malicious intent to injure the Magazine you conduct, then, no doubt, you will find some machinery to trace out the wrong-doer, and make him amenable to the criminal law.

Your next editorial disregard of duty, sir, is worthy of all that has gone before. The same spiteful blockhead who palmed upon you the forged letter now imposes upon your simplicity a preposterous advertisement, published in a Utrecht paper on Thursday September 26th; * and this absurdity, without any authentication or guarantee, you quote and comment upon in your journal of Saturday the 28th. Sharp work this, Mr. Editor, and suggestive too! It is not difficult for the conspirator who inserted the advertisement to contrive to give notice of its appearance in anticipation of the ordinary postal delivery; and it is a fact not generally known, that a newspaper published in Utrecht on Thursday does not reach the General Post-office in London until Saturday. But what can I say of the editor who unconsciously lends himself to so pitiful an affair! And the cause of all this plotting and counter-plotting, the forgery, the anonymous letters, the spurious advertisement from a Dutch newspaper, the wilful suppression of Miss Braddon's letters, is to show — what? Only that Mr. Babington White derived the characters in his story from a French drama, and did not consider himself bound to blazon the fact upon his title-page any more than William Makepeace Thackeray considered himself bound to tell the world that he derived the broad idea of his wonderful Becky Sharp, with her tricks and lies and fascinations, and elderly adorer, and sheep-dog companion, from the Madame de Marneffe of Honoré de Balzac; or any more than that great writer's accomplished daughter is bound to proclaim that the pre-Raphaelite word-painting for which she has been so highly commended is a trick of style exactly identical with, if not directly derived from, the style of Gustave Flaubert.

Why, sir, if you better knew the literature you profess to represent, you would better understand the silliness of this childish outcry; you would know that Le Sage borrowed the plan of his *Diable Boiteux* from the Spanish of Guevara, and that he derived the materials of *Gil Blas* from the Spanish drama; you would know that, without acknowledgment or sense of com-

punction, Sterne took whole pages *verbatim* from Rabelais, and helped himself with a very free hand to the gems of erudition and quaint conceits which he found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; you would know that Molière, in a notorious sentence, confessed to taking his material wherever he found it. I daresay the little carping critics of Grub-street had their fling at the Yorkshire parson who wrote *Tristram Shandy* — the chief characters of which, by the way, Lord Lytton reproduced, regenerated, and ennobled in his immortal *Caxtons*. Yet who protests? who dares to shout "literary thief" here? No doubt Vadius and Tristotin found plenty to say about the dishonesty of Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, alias Molière. And yet, sir, I would rather have an ounce of Molière's genius, or a penny-weight of Laurence Sterne's wit, than a pound of your honesty, marketable as the commodity may be; or of that keen sense of honour which permitted you to record the experiences of a spy who did not disdain to misrepresent himself as "a man on strike," and who did not scruple to hob and nob with the deceived journeymen tailors, in order to give the world at large, and the master tailors in particular, the benefit of knowledge obtained by that petty treason.

I doubt, sir, if you know how much you promised when you so boldly appropriated the best sentence in my prospectus. A journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen! Have you any idea what that implies? and can you for a moment imagine that gentlemen write, or that gentlemen care to read, such stuff as you have written, or caused to be written, upon this Babington-White question? Is it the part of a gentleman to deal in imputations that he cannot maintain, to give ear to the backstairs gossip of a printing-office, or take his crude information from some underhand source, and then, after making his charge by means of hints and inuendoes, to suppress the letter that calls upon him to substantiate his accusation? Is it the part of a gentleman to war against a woman, or to give ridiculous prominence to an insignificant matter in order to injure a trade rival? No, sir: if ever you are so happy as to fall into the society of gentlemen, you will discover that urbanity is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman's conduct; and that a courteous reverence for womankind — whether it be my Lady Mary in her chariot going to St. James's palace in all her glory of diamonds and court-plumes, or only poor Molly the housemaid scrubbing her master's door-step — is a sentiment at

* The Editor of the paper refuses, in his issue for October 15, to state from whom he received this mendacious advertisement, and he declines to give any aid to trace home the anonymous concoction. It is hoped, however, that either the Burgomaster of Utrecht, or the solicitor to her Majesty's Consul at Amsterdam, will eventually unravel this unprincipled sequence to the forgery of Miss Braddon's name.

once innate and inextinguishable in a gentleman's mind.

Go to school, Mr. Editor, and learn what it is to be a gentleman. Learn of Addison and Steele, whose papers are models of all that is gentle and gentlemanly in literature. Observe with how light a rod those elegant writers chastise the follies of their age. Remark how wide their sympathies, how inexhaustible their good humour, how dignified their sarcasm, how polished their wit. And understand from these qualities how it happened that those papers, designed for the amusement of an idle hour in the day that gave them to the town, have become the standard of taste in journalism, and the delight of intellectual mankind. Learn of Jeffrey and of Brougham, those masters of critical sword-play, who had no need to fall to fisticuffs, like dirty little boys in the gutter, in order to belabour the object of their antipathy. Those gentlemen, sir, were the high-priests of literature: they offered up their victim with something of the solemnity attending a pious sacrifice; and, as the leper-priest of the mediæval legend felt his leprosy leave him at the moment when he offered the supreme sacrifice, so these masters of the art of criticism banished from their minds all party spirit and all personal feeling while engaged in the performance of their self-assumed function. Above all, sir, study the writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, from whose great mind you derived the title which your mistaken policy has so degraded.

As for the Lady whom you have attacked, I do not think she need fear any ill results from your malevolence. Adverse criticism loses its power to sting from the moment in which it ceases to be disinterested. Do you think the friends and readers of Alexander Pope valued his genius any the less after reading the libels of Lord Hervey? No, sir; they only thought that my lord hated the poet very furiously, and expressed his antipathy in very poor and feeble language. The town may possibly have derived some small entertainment from the *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*; but the lordling's silly rhymes can have robbed the poet of no single admirer. Miss Braddon, I imagine, has no higher aspiration than to please that novel-reading public which has hitherto applauded and encouraged her efforts to amuse its leisure hours; and I am sure her readers will not withdraw their support from her because she has been made the subject of a most unmanly attack in a journal which professes to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen. The English mind, sir, is quick to re-

sent anything that savours of persecution; and if you have the interests of your paper at heart, you will do well in future to refrain from these noisy onslaughts upon popular female novelists; which are more characteristic of the disappointed author of two or three unappreciated novels than of the gentleman editor who writes for gentlemen readers.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your predecessor and humble servant,

CHARLES SHANDON.

HADES, October, 1867.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK GOES TO SLEEP IN THE WOOD.

FEATHERSTON VICARAGE was a quaint, dreary, silent old baked block of bricks and stucco, standing on one of those low Lincolnshire hillocks—I do not know the name for them. They are not hills, but mounds; they have no shape or individuality, but they roll in on every side; they enclose the horizon; they stop the currents of fresh air; they give no feature to the foreground. There was no reason why the vicarage should have been built upon this one, more than upon any other, of the monotonous waves of the dry ocean of land which spreads and spreads about Featherston, unchanging in its monotonous line. To look from the upper windows of the vicarage is like looking out at sea, with nothing but the horizon to watch—a dull sand and dust horizon, with monotonous waves and lines that do not even change or blend like the waves of the sea.

Anne was delighted with the place when she first came. Of course it was not to compare with Sandsea for pleasantness and freshness, but the society was infinitely better. Not all the lodging-houses at Sandsea could supply such an eligible circle of acquaintances as that which came driving up day after day to the vicarage door. The carriages, after depositing their owners, would go champing up the road to the little tavern of "The Five Horseshoes," at the entrance of the village, in search of hay and beer for the horses and men. Anne in one afternoon entertained two honourables, a countess, and two Lady Louisas. The countess was Lady Kidderminster and one of the Lady Louisas was her daughter. The other was a nice old maid, a cousin of

Mrs. Myles, and she told Mrs. Trevithic something more of poor Mary Myles's married life than Anne had ever known before.

"It is very distressing," said Anne, with a lady-like volubility, as she walked across the lawn with her guest to the carriage, "when married people do not get on comfortably together. Depend upon it, there are generally faults on both sides. I daresay it is very uncharitable of me, but I generally think the woman is to blame when things go wrong," said Anne, with a little conscious smirk. "Of course we must be content to give up some things when we marry. Sandsea was far pleasanter than this as a residence; but where my husband's interests were concerned, Lady Louisa, I did not hesitate. I hope to get this into some order in time, as soon as I can persuade Mr. Trevithic."

"You were quite right, quite right," said Lady Louisa, looking round approvingly at the grass-grown walks and straggling hedges. "Although Mary is my own cousin, I always felt that she did not understand poor Tom. Of course he had his little fidgety ways, like the rest of us."

(Mary had never described her husband's little fidgety ways to anybody at much length, and if brandy and blows and oaths were among them, these trifles were forgotten now that Tom was respectfully interred in the family vault and beyond reproaches.)

Lady Louisa went away favourably impressed by young Mrs. Trevithic's good sense and high-mindedness. Anne, too, was very much pleased with her afternoon. She went and took a complacent turn in her garden after the old lady's departure. She hardly knew where the little paths led to as yet, nor the look of the fruit-walls and of the twigs against the sky, as people do who have well paced their garden-walks in rain, wind, and sunshine, in spirits and disquiet, at odd times and sad times and happy ones. It was all new to Mrs. Trevithic, and she glanced about as she went, planning a rose-tree here, a creeper there, a clearance among the laurels. "I must let in a peep of the church through that elm-clump, and plant some fuchsias along that bank," she thought. (Anne was fond of fuchsias.) "And John must give me a hen-house. The cook can attend to it. The place looks melancholy and neglected without any animals about; we must certainly buy a pig. What a very delightful person Lady Kidderminster is; she asked me what sort of carriage we meant to keep—I should think with economy we *might* manage a pair. I shall get John to leave everything of that sort to me. I shall give

him so much for his pocket-money and charities, and do the very best I can with the rest. And Anne sincerely meant it when she made this determination, and walked along better pleased than ever, feeling that with her hand to pilot it along the tortuous way their ship could not run aground, but would come straight and swift into the haven of country society, for which they were making, drawn by a couple of prancing horses, and a riding horse possibly for John. And seeing her husband coming through the gate and crossing the sloping lawn, Anne hurried to meet him with glowing pink cheeks and tips to her eyelids and nose, eager to tell him her schemes and adventures.

Trevithic himself had come home tired and dispirited, and he could scarcely listen to his wife's chirrups with very great sympathy or encouragement.

"Lady Kidderminster wishes us to set up a carriage and a pair of horses!" Poor Trevithic cried out aghast, "Why, my dear Anne, you must be—must be . . . What do you imagine our income to be?"

"I know very well what it is," Anne said with a nod; "better than you do, sir. With care and economy a very great deal is to be done. Leave everything to me and don't trouble your foolish old head."

"But, my dear, you must listen for one minute," Trevithic said. "One thousand a year is not limitless. There are calls and drains upon our incomes"—

"That is exactly what I wanted to speak to you about, John," said his wife, gravely. "For one thing, I have been thinking that your mother has a very comfortable income of her own," Anne said, "and I am sure she would gladly" . . .

"I have no doubt she would," Trevithic interrupted, looking full in his wife's face, "and that is the reason that I desire that the subject may never be alluded to again, either to her or to me." He looked so decided and stern, and his gray eagle eyes opened wide in a way his wife knew that meant no denial. Vexed as she was, she could not help a momentary womanly feeling of admiration for the undaunted and decided rule of the governor of this small kingdom in which she was vicerent; she felt a certain pride in her husband, not in what was best in his temper and heart, but in the outward signs that any one might read. His good looks, his manly bearing, his determination before which she had to give way again and again, impressed her oddly: she followed him with her eyes as he walked away into the house, and went on with her calculations as she still paced the gravel path, determin-

ing to come back secretly to the charge, as was her way, from another direction, and failing again, only to ponder upon a fresh attack.

And meanwhile Anne was tolerably happy trimming her rose-trees, and arranging and re-arranging the furniture, visiting at the big houses, and corresponding with her friends, and playing on the piano, and, with her baby, in time, when it came to live with them in the vicarage. Trevithic was tolerably miserable, fuming and consuming his days in a restless, impatient search for the treasures which did not exist in the arid fields and lanes round about the vicarage. He certainly discovered a few well-to-do farmers riding about their enclosures on their rough horses, and responding with surly nods to his good-humoured advances; a few old women selling lollipops in their tidy front kitchens, shining pots and pans, starch caps, the very pictures of respectability; little tidy children trotting to school along the lanes, hand in hand, with all the strings on their pinafores, and hard-working mothers scrubbing their parlours, or hanging out their linen to dry. The cottages were few and far between, for the farmers farmed immense territories; the labourers were out in the fields at sunrise, and toiled all day, and staggered home worn-out and stupefied at night; the little pinafores released from school at midday, would trot along the furrows with their fathers' and brothers' dinners tied up in bundles, and drop little frightened curseys along the hedges when they met the vicar on his rounds. Dreary, dusty roads they were — illimitable circles. The country-folks did not want his sermons, they were too stupid to understand what he said, they were too aimless and dispirited. Jack the Giant-Killer's sleep lasted exactly three years in Trevithic's case, during which the time did not pass, it only ceased to be. Once old Mr. Bellingham paid them a visit, and once Mrs. Trevithic, senior, arrived with her cap-boxes, and then everything again went on as usual, until Dulcie came to live with her father and mother in the old sun-baked, wasp-haunted place.

Dulcie was a little portable almanac to mark the time for both of them, and the seasons and the hour of the day, something in this fashion : —

Six months and Dulcie began to crawl across the drugged floor of her father's study; nine months to crow and hold out her arms; a year must have gone by, for Dulcie was making sweet inarticulate chattering and warblings, which changed into

words by degrees — wonderful words of love and content and recognition, after her tiny life-long silence. Dulcie's clock marked the time of day something in this fashion : —

Dulcie's breakfast o'clock.

Dulcie's walk in the garden o'clock.

Dulcie's dinner o'clock.

Dulcie's bedtime o'clock, &c.

All the tenderness of Jack's heart was Dulcie's. Her little fat fingers would come tapping and scratching at his study-door long before she could walk. She was not in the least afraid of him, as her mother was sometimes. She did not care for his sad moods, nor sympathize with his ambitions, or understand the pangs and pains he suffered, the regrets and wounded vanities and aspirations. Was time passing, was he wasting his youth and strength in that forlorn and stagnant Lincolnshire fen? What was it to her? Little Dulcie thought that when he crossed his legs and danced her on his foot, her papa was fulfilling all the highest duties of life; and when she let him kiss her soft cheek, it did not occur to her that every wish of her heart was not gratified. Hard-hearted, unsympathetic, trustful, and appealing little comforter and companion! Whatever it might be to Anne, not even Lady Kidderminster's society soothed and comforted Jack as Dulcie's did. This small Egyptian was a hard task-mistress, for she gave him bricks to make without any straw, and kept him a prisoner in a land of bondage; but for her he would have thrown up the work that was so insufficient for him, and crossed the Red Sea, and chanced the fortunes of life; but with Dulcie and her mother hanging to the skirts of his long black clerical coat, how could he go? Ought he to go? 400*l.* a year is a large sum to get together, but a small one to provide for three people — so long as a leg of mutton costs seven shillings and there are but twenty shillings in the pound and 365 days in the year.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, the dust was lying thick upon the lanes, on the country roads, that went creeping away white in the glare to this and that distant sleepy hollow. The leaves in the hedges were hanging upon their stalks; the convolvuluses and blackberries drooped their heads beneath the clouds that rose from the wreaths and piles of dust along the way. Four o'clock was striking from the steeple, and echoing through the hot still air; nobody was to be seen, except one distant figure crossing a stubble-field; the vicarage windows were close shuttered, but the gate was on the

latch, and the big dog had just sauntered lazily through. Anne heard the clock strike from her darkened bed-room, where she was lying upon the sofa resting. Dulcie playing in her nursery counted the strokes. "Tebben, two, one; nonner one," that was how she counted. John heard the clock strike as he was crossing the dismal stubble-field; everything else was silent. Two butterflies went flitting before him in the desolate glare. It was all so still, so dreary, and feverish, that he tried to escape into a shadier field, and to force his way through a gap in the parched hedge regardless of Farmer Burr's fences and restrictions.

On the other side of the hedge there was a smaller field, a hollow with long grasses and nut hedges and a little shade, and a ditch over which Trevithic sprang with some remnant of youthful spirit. He sprang, breaking through the briars and countless twigs and limp wreathed leaves, making a foot-standing for himself among the lank grasses and dull autumn flowers on the other side, and as he sprang he caught a sight of something lying in the ditch, something with half-open lips and dim glazed eyes, turned upwards under the crossing diamond network of the shadow and light of the briars.

What was this that was quite still, quite inanimate, lying in the sultry glow of the autumn day? Jack turned a little sick, and leapt back down among the dead leaves, and stooped over a wan helpless figure lying there motionless and ghastly, with its head sunk back in the dust and tangled weeds. It was only a worn and miserable-looking old man, whose meek, starved, weary face was upturned to the sky, whose wan lips were drawn apart, and whose thin hands were clutching at the weeds. Jack gently tried to loosen the clutch, and the poor fingers gave way in an instant and fell helplessly among the grasses, frightening a field-mouse back into its hole. But this helpless, loose fall first gave Trevithic some idea of life in the hopeless figure, for all its wan, rigid lines. He put his hand under the rags which covered the breast. There was no pulse at first, but presently the heart just fluttered, and a little colour came into the pale face, and there was a long sigh, and then the glazed eyes closed.

John set to work to rub the cold hands and the stiff body. It was all he could do, for people don't walk about with bottles of brandy and blankets in their pockets; but he rubbed and rubbed, and some of the

magnetism of his own vigorous existence seemed to enter into the poor soul at his knees, and another faint flush of life came into the face, and the eyes opened this time naturally and bright, and the figure pointed faintly to its lips. Jack understood, and he nodded; gave a tug to the man's shoulders, and propped him up a little higher against the bank. Then he tied his handkerchief round the poor old bald head to protect it from the sun, and sprang up the side of the ditch. He had remembered a turnpike upon the highway, two or three hundred yards beyond the boundary of the next field.

Lady Kidderminster, who happened to be driving along that afternoon on her way to the Potlington flower-show, and who was leaning back comfortably under the hood of her great yellow barouche, was surprised to see from under the fringe of her parasol the figure of a man suddenly bursting through a hedge on the roadside, and waving a hat and shouting, red, heated, disordered, frantically signing to the coachman to stop.

"It's a Fenian," screamed her ladyship.

"I think;—yes, it's Mr. Trevithic," said her companion.

The coachman, too, had recognized Jack and began to draw up; but the young man, who had now reached the side of the carriage, signed to him to go on.

"Will you give me a lift?" he said, gasping and springing on to the step. "How d'ye do, Lady Kidderminster? I heard your wheels and made an effort," and Jack turned rather pale. "There is a poor fellow dying in a ditch. I want some brandy for him and some help; stop at the turnpike," he shouted to the coachman, and then he turned with very good grace to Lady Kidderminster, aghast and not over-pleased. "Pray forgive me," he said. "It was such a chance catching you. I never thought I should have done it. I was two fields off. Why, how d'ye do, Mrs. Myles?" And still holding on to the yellow barouche by one hand, he put out the other to his old acquaintance, Mary Myles, with the still kind eyes, who was sitting in state by the countess.

"You will take me back, and the brandy, I know?" said Trevithic.

"Is it anybody one knows?" said the countess.

"Only some tramp," said Jack: "but it's a mercy I met you." And before they reached the turnpike, he had jumped down,

and was explaining his wants to the bewildered old chip of a woman who collected the tolls.

"Your husband not here? a pity," said John. "Give me his brandy-bottle; it will be of some good for once." And he disappeared into the lodge, saying,—"Would you please have the horses' heads turned, Lady Kidderminster?" In a minute he was out again. "Here, put this in" (to the powdered footman), and John thrust a blanket off the bed, an old three-legged chair, a wash-jug full of water, and one or two more miscellaneous objects into the man's arms. "Now back again," he said, "as quick as you can!" And he jumped in with his brandy; and the great barouche groaned, and at his command actually sped off once more along the road. "Make haste," said Trevithic; "the man is dying for want of a dram."

The sun blazed hot in their faces. The footman sat puzzled and disgusted on his perch, clasping the blanket and the water-jug. Lady Kidderminster was not sure that she was not offended by all the orders Mr. Trevithic was giving her servants; Mrs. Myles held the three-legged chair up on the seat opposite with her slender wrist, and looked kind and sympathetic; John hardly spoke,—he was thinking what would be best to do next.

"I am so sorry," he said, "but I am afraid you must wait for us, Lady Kidderminster. I'll bring him up as soon as I can, and we will drop him at the first cottage. You see nobody else may pass for hours."

"We shall be very late for our fl—," Lady Kidderminster began, faintly, and then stopped ashamed at the look in Trevithic's honest face which she saw reflected in Mrs. Myles's eyes.

"Oh, my dear Lady Kidderminster," cried Mrs. Myles, bending forward from her nest of white muslins. "We must wait."

"Of course we will wait," said Lady Kidderminster hastily, as the coachman stopped at the gap through which Jack had first made his appearance. Trevithic was out in an instant.

"Bring those things quick," said Jack to the magnificent powder-and-plush man; and he set off running himself as hard as he could go, with his brandy-flask in one hand and the water-jug in the other.

For an instant the man hesitated and looked at his mistress, but Lady Kidderminster had now caught something of Mr. Trevithic's energy: she imperiously pointed to the three-legged chair, and Tomlins, who was good-natured in the main, seeing Jack's

figure rapidly disappearing in the distance, began to run too, with his silken legs plunging wildly, for pumps and stubble are not the most comfortable of combinations. When Tomlins reached the ditch at last, Jack was pouring old Glossop's treacle-like brandy down the poor gasping tramp's throat, dashing water into his face and gradually bringing him to life again; the sun was streaming upon the two, the insects buzzing, and the church clock striking the half-hour.

There are combinations in life more extraordinary than pumps and plowed fields. When Trevithic and Tomlins staggered up to the carriage carrying the poor old ragged, half-lifeless creature on the chair between them, the two be-satined and be-feathered ladies made way and helped them to put poor helpless old Davy Hopkins with all his rags into the soft-cushioned corner, and drove off with him in triumph to the little public at the entrance of Featherston, where they left him.

"You have saved that man's life," said Jack, as he said good-by to the two ladies. They left him standing, glad and excited, in the middle of the road, with bright eyes and more animation and interest in his face than there had been for many a day.

"My dear Jack, what is this I hear?" said Anne, when he got home. "Have you been to the flower-show with Lady Kidderminster? Who was that in the carriage with her? What a state you are in."

Jack told her his story, but Mrs. Trevithic scarcely listened. "Oh," said she, "I thought you had been doing something pleasant. Mrs. Myles was very kind. It seems to me rather a fuss about nothing, but of course you know best."

Little Dulcie saw her father looking vexed: she climbed up his leg and got on his knee, and put her round soft cheek against his. "Shall I luboo?" said she.

CHAPTER V.

BLUNDERBORE AND HIS TWO HEADS.

WHEN Jack went to see his *protégé* next day, he found the old man sitting up in the bar warming his toes, and finishing off a basin of gruel and a tumbler of porter with which the landlady had supplied him. Mrs. Penfold was a frozen sort of woman, difficult to deal with, but kind-hearted when the thaw once set in, and though at first she had all but refused to receive poor old Davy into her house, once having relented and

opened her door to him she had warmed and comforted him, and brought him to life in triumph, and now looked upon him with a certain self-contained pride and satisfaction as a favourable specimen of her art.

"He's right eno," said Mrs. Penfold, with a jerk of the head. "Ye can go in and see him in the bar." And Jack went in.

The bar was a comfortable little oaken refuge and haven for Miles and Hodge, where they stretched their stiff legs safe from the scoldings of their wives and the shrill cries of their children. The shadows of the sunny-latticed window struck upon the wooden floor, the fire burnt most part of the year on the stone hearth, where the dry branches and logs were crackling cheerfully, with a huge black kettle hissing upon the bars. Some one had christened it "Tom," and from its crooked old spout at any hour of the day a hot and sparkling stream went flowing into the smoking grog-glasses, and into Penfold's punch-pots and Mrs. Penfold's teacups and soup-pans.

Davy's story was a common one enough, — a travelling umbrella-mender — hard times — fine weather, no umbrellas to mend, and "parasols ain't no good; so cheap they are," he said, with a shake of the head; "they ain't worth the mendin'." Then an illness, and then the workhouse, and that was all his history.

"I ain't sorry I come out of the 'ouse; the ditch was the best place of the two," said Davy. "You picked me out of the ditch; you'd have left me in the 'ouse, sir, all along with the ruck. I don't blame ye," Davy said; "I see'd ye there for the first time when I was wuss off than I ever hope to be in this life again; ye looked me full in the face, and talked on with them two after ye — devil take them, and he will."

"I don't remember you," said John. "Where was it?"

"Hammersley workus," said Davy. "Don't you remember Hammersley Union? I was in the bed under the winder, and I says to my pardner (there were two on us), says I, — 'That chap looks as if he might do us a turn.' 'Not he,' says my pardner. 'They are werry charitable, and come and stare at us; that's all,' says he, and he was right you see, sir. He'd been in five years come Christmas, and knew more about it than I did then."

"And you have left it now?" said Trevithic, with a strange expression of pity in his face.

"So I 'ave, sir, I'm bound to say," said Davy, finishing off his porter, "and I'd

rather die in the ditch any day than go back to that d—— place."

"It looked clean and comfortable enough," said Trevithic.

"Clean, comfirable!" said Davy. "Do you think I minds a little dirt, sir? Did you look under the quilts? Why, the vermin was a-running all over the place like flies, so it were. It come dropping from the ceiling; and my pardner he were paralytic, and he used to get me to wipe the bugs off his face with a piece of paper. Shall I tell ye what it was like?" And old Davy, in his ire, began a history so horrible, so sickening, that Trevithic flushed up as he listened, — an honest flush and fire of shame and indignation.

"I tell you fairly I don't believe half you say," said Jack, at last. "It is too horrible and unnatural."

"True there," said Davy, comforted by his porter and his gruel. "It ain't no great matter to me if you believes 'arf or not, sir. I'm out of that hole, and I ain't agoin' back. Maybe your good lady has an umbrella wants seeing to; shall I call round and ask this afternoon, sir?"

Jack nodded and said he might come if he liked, and went home, thinking over the history he had heard. It was one of all the histories daily told in the sunshine, of deeds done in darkness. It was one grain of seed falling into the ground and taking root. Jack felt a dull feeling of shame and sadness; an uncomfortable pricking as of a conscience which had been numbened; a sudden pain of remorse, as he walked along the dusty lane which led to the vicarage. He found his wife in the drawing-room, writing little scented notes to some of her new friends, and accepting proffered dinners and teas and county hospitalities. Little Dulcie was lying on her back on a rug, and crooning and chattering; the shutters were closed; there was a whiff of roses and scented water coming in from the baking lanes. It was a pretty home-picture, all painted in cool whites and greys and shadows, and yet it had by degrees grown intolerable to him. Jack looked round, and up and down, and then with a sudden impulse he went up and took his wife's hand, and looked her full in the face. "Anne," he said, "could you give up something for me — something, everything, except what is yours as a right? Dear, it is all so nice, but I am very unhappy here. May I give up this pretty home, and will you come and live with me where we can be of more use than we are here?" He

looked so kind and so imploring, that for an instant Anne almost gave way and agreed to anything. There was a bright constraining power in Jack's blue eye which had to deal with magnetism, I believe, and which his wife was one of the few people to resist. She recovered herself almost immediately.

"How ridiculous you are, John," she said, pettishly. "Of course I will do anything in reason; but it seems to me very wrong and unnatural and ungrateful of you," said Mrs. Trevithic, encouraging herself as she went on, "not to be happy when you have so much to be thankful for; and though, of course, I should be the last to allude to it, yet I do think when I have persuaded papa to appoint you to this excellent living, considering how young you are and how much you owe to him, it is not *graceful*, to say the least, on your part."

John turned away and caught up little Dulcie, and began tossing her in the air. "Well," said he, "we won't discuss this now. I have made up my mind to take a week's holiday," he added, with a sort of laugh. "I am going to stay with Frank Austin till Saturday. Will you tell them to pack up my things?"

"But, my dear, we are engaged to the Kidd" . . .

"You must write and make my excuses," Jack said, wearily. "I must go. I have some business at Hammersley." And he left the room.

Chances turn out so strangely at times that some people, — women especially, who live quietly at home and speculate upon small matters — look on from afar and wonder among themselves as they mark the extraordinary chain-work of minute stitches by which the mighty machinery of the world works on. Men who are busy and about, here and there in life, are more apt to take things as they find them, and do not stop to speculate how this or that comes to be. It struck Jack oddly when he heard from his friend Frank Austin that the chaplain who had been elected instead of him at the workhouse was ill and obliged to go away for a time. "He is trying to find some one to take his place, and to get off for a holiday," said Mr. Austin. "He is a poor sort of creature, and I don't think he has got on very well with the guardians."

"I wonder," said Trevithic, "whether I could take the thing for a time? We might exchange, you know; I am tired of play, heaven knows. There is little enough to

do at Featherston, and he might easily look after my flock while I take the work here off his hands."

"I know you always had a hankering after those unsavoury flesh-pots," Austin said, with a laugh. "I should think Skipper would jump at your offer, and from all I hear there is plenty to be done here, if it is work you are in want of. Poor little Skipper did his best at one time; I believe he tried to collect a fund for some of the poor creatures who couldn't be taken in, but what is one small fish like him among so many guardians?" said Mr. Austin, indulging in one of those clerical jokes to which Mr. Trollope has alluded in his delightful *Chronicles*.

Jack wrote off to his bishop and to his wife by that day's post. Two different answers reached him; his wife's came next day, his bishop's three days later.

Poor Anne was frantic, as well she might be. "Come to Hammersley for two months in the heat of the summer; bring little Dulcie; break up her home! — Never. Throw over Lady Kidderminster's Saturdays; admit a stranger to the vicarage! — Never! Was her husband out of his senses?" She was deeply, deeply hurt. He must come back immediately, or more serious consequences than he imagined might ensue.

Trevithic's eyes filled up with tears as he crumpled the note up in his hand and flung it across the room. It was for this he had sacrificed the hope of his youth, or his life, — for this. It was too late now to regret, to think of what another fate might have been. Marriage had done him this cruel service: — It had taught what happiness might be, what some love might be, but it had withheld the sweetness of the fruit of the tree of life, and only disclosed the knowledge of good and of evil to this unhappy Adam outside the gates of the garden.

Old Mr. Bellingham did not mend matters by writing a trembling and long-winded remonstrance. Lady Kidderminster, to whom Anne had complained, pronounced Trevithic mad; she had had some idea of the kind, she said, that day when he behaved in that extraordinary manner in the lane.

"It's a benevolent mania," said Lord Axminster, her eldest son.

Mrs. Myles shook her head, and began, "He is not mad, most noble lady." . . . Mrs. Trevithic, who was present, flushed up with resentment at Mrs. Myles venturing to quote scripture in Jack's behalf. She did

not look over-pleased when Mrs. Myles added that she should see Mr. Trevithic probably when she went to stay at Hammersley with her cousin, Mrs. Garnier, and would certainly go and see him at his work.

Jack, who was in a strange determined mood, meanwhile wrote back to his wife to say that he felt that it was all very hard upon her; that he asked it from her goodness to him and her wifely love; that he would make her very happy if she would only consent to come, and if not she must go to her father's for a few weeks until he had got this work done. "Indeed it is no sudden freak, dear," he wrote. "I had it in my mind before" — (John hesitated here for a minute and took his pen off the paper) — "that eventful day when I walked up to the rector, and saw you and learnt to know you." So he finished his sentence. But his heart sank as he posted the letter. Ah me! he had dreamed a different dream.

If his correspondence with his wife did not prosper as it should have done, poor Trevithic was greatly cheered by the bishop's letter, which not only gave consent to this present scheme, but offered him, if he wished for more active duty, the incumbency of St. Bigots in the North, which would shortly be vacant in Hammersley, and which, although less valuable than his present living as far as the income was concerned, was much more so as regards the souls to be saved, which were included in the bargain.

New brooms sweep clean, says the good old adage. After he took up his residence at St. Magdalene's, Jack's broomstick did not begin to sweep for seven whole days. He did not go back to Featherston; Anne had left for Sandsea; and Mr. Skipper was in possession of the rectory, and Trevithic was left in that of 500 paupers in various stages of misery and decrepitude, and of a two-headed creature called Bulcox, otherwise termed the master and the matron of the place. Jack waited; he felt that if he began too soon he might ruin everything, get into trouble, stir up the dust, which had been lying so thickly, and make matters worse than before; he waited, watched, looked about him, asked endless questions, to not one of which the poor folks dared give a truthful answer. "Nurse was werry kind, that she was, and most kinsiderate, up any time o' night and day," gasped poor wretches, whose last pinch of tea had just been violently appropriated by "nurse" with the fierce eyebrows sitting over the fire, and who would lie for hours in an

agony of pain before they dared awaken her from her weary sleep. For nurse, whatever her hard rapacious heart might be, was only made of the same aching bones and feeble flesh as the rest of them. "Everybody was kind and good, and the mistress came round reg'lar and ast them what they wanted. The tea was not so nice perhaps as it *might* be, but they was not wishin' to complain." So they moaned on for the first three days. On the fourth one or two cleverer and more truthful than the rest began to whisper that "nurse" sometimes indulged in a drop too much; that she had been very unmanageable the night before, had boxed poor Tilly's ears — poor simpleton. They all loved Tilly, and didn't like to see her hurt. See, there was the bruise on her cheek, and Tilly, a woman of thirty, but a child in her ways, came shyly up in a pinafore, with a doll in one arm and a finger in her mouth. All the old hags sitting on their beds smiled at her as she went along. This poor witless Tilly was the pet of the ward, and they did not like to have her beaten. Trevithic was affected, he brought Tilly some sugar-plums in his pocket, and the old toothless crones brightened up and thanked him, nodding their white night-caps encouragingly from every bed. Meanwhile John sickened: the sights, the smells, the depression of spirits produced by this vast suffering mass of his unlucky brothers and sisters, was too much for him, and for a couple of days he took to his bed. The matron came to see him twice; she took an interest in this cheerful new element, sparkling still with full reflection of the world outside. She glanced admiringly at his neatly appointed dressing-table, the silver top to his shaving-gear, and the ivory brushes.

John was feverish and thirsty, and was draining a bottle of mirky-looking water when Mrs. Bulcox came into the room. "What is that you are drinking there, sir?" said she. "My goodness, it's the water from the tap, — we never touch it! I'll send you some of ours; the tap-water comes through the cesspool and is as nasty as nasty can be."

"Is it what they habitually drink here?" Trevithic asked, languidly.

"They're used to it," said Mrs. Bulcox; "nothing hurts them."

Jack turned away with an impatient movement, and Mrs. Bulcox went off indignant at his want of courtesy. The fact was, that Jack already knew more of the Bulcox's doings than they had any conception of, poor wretches, as they lay snoring the comfortable

sleep of callousness on their snug pillows. "I don't 'alf like that chap," Mr. Bulcox had remarked to his wife, and Mrs. Bulcox had heartily echoed the misgiving. "I go to see him when he is ill," said she, "and he cuts me off as sharp as anything. What business has he comin' prying and spying about the place?"

What indeed! The place oppressed poor Jack, tossing on his bed; it seemed to close in upon him, the atmosphere appeared to be full of horrible moans and suggestions. In his normal condition Jack would have gone to sleep like a top, done his best, troubled his head no more on the subject of troubles he could not relieve; but just now he was out of health, out of spirits—although his darling desire was his—and more susceptible to nervous influences and suggestions than he had ever been in his life before. This night especially he was haunted and overpowered by the closeness and stillness of his room. It looked out through bars into a narrow street, and a nervous feeling of imprisonment and helplessness came over him so strongly that, to shake it off, he jumped up at last and partly dressed himself, and began to pace up and down the room. The popular history of Jack the Giant-Killer gives a ghastly account of the abode of Blunderbore; it describes "an immense room where lay the limbs of the people lately seized and devoured," and Blunderbore "with a horrid grin" telling Jack "that men's hearts eaten with pepper and vinegar were his nicest food. The giant then locked Jack up," says the history, "and went to fetch a friend."

Poor Trevithic felt something in Jack's position when the gates were closed for the night, and he found himself shut in with his miserable companions. He could from his room hear the bolts and the bars and the grinding of the lock, and immediately a longing would seize him to get out.

To-night, after pacing up and down, he at last took up his hat and a light in his hand, and opened his door and walked downstairs to assure himself of his liberty and get rid of this oppressive feeling of confinement. He passed the master's door and heard his snores, and then he came to the lower door opening into the inner court. The keys were in it—it was only locked on the inside. As Jack came out into the courtyard he gave a great breath of relief: the stars were shining thickly overhead, very still, very bright; the place seemed less God-forgotten than when he was up there in his bedroom: the fresh night-air blew in his face and extinguished his light. He did not

care, he put it down in a corner by the door, and went on into the middle of the yard and looked all round about him. Here and there from some of the windows a faint light was burning and painting the bars in gigantic shadows upon the wall; and at the end of the court, from what seemed like a grating to a cellar, some dim rays were streaming upward. Trevithic was surprised to see a light in such a place and he walked up to see, and then he turned quickly away, and if like uncle Toby he swore a great oath at the horrible sight he saw, it was but an expression of honest pity and most Christian charity. The grating was a double grating and looked into two cellars which were used as casual wards when the regular ward was full. The sight Trevithic saw is not one that I can describe here. People have read of such things as they are and were only a little while ago when the *Pall Mall Gazette* first published that terrible account which set people talking and asking whether such things should be and could be still.

Old Davy had told him a great many sad and horrible things, but they were not so sad or so horrible as the truth, as Jack now saw it. Truth, naked, alas! covered with dirt and vermin, shuddering with cold, moaning with disease, and heaped and tossed in miserable uneasy sleep at the bottom of her foul well. Every now and then a voice broke the darkness, or a cough or a moan reached him from the sleepers above. Jack did not improve his night's rest by his midnight wandering.

Trevithic got well, however, next day, dressed himself, and went down into the little office which had been assigned to him. His bedroom was over the gateway of the workhouse and looked into the street. From his office he had only a sight of the men's court, the wooden bench, the stone steps, the grating. Inside was a stove and green drugget, a little library of books covered with greasy brown paper for the use of those who could read. There was not much to comfort or cheer him, and as he sat there he began to think a little disconsolately of his pleasant home, with its clean comfortable appointments, the flowers round the window, the fresh chintzes, and, above all, the dear little round face upturned to meet him at every coming home.

It would not do to think of such things, and Jack put them away, but he wished that Anne had consented to come to him. It seemed hard to be there alone—him a father and a husband, with belongings of his own. Trevithic, who was still weak and out of sorts, found himself making a little

languid castle in the air, of crooked places made straight, of whited sepulchres made clean, of Dulcie, grown tall and sensible, coming tapping at his door to cheer him when he was sad, and encourage him when he was weary.

Had the fever come back, and could it be that he was wandering? It seemed to him that all the heads of the old men he could see through the grating were turning, and that an apparition was passing by—an apparition, gracious, smiling, looking in through the bars of his window, and coming gently knocking at his door; and then it opened, and a low voice said,—“It’s me, Mr. Trevithic—Mrs. Myles; may I come in?” and a cool, grey phantom stepped into the dark little room. “How ill you are looking,” Mrs. Myles said, compassionately. “I came to ask you to come back and dine with us; I am only here for a day or two with my cousin Fanny Garnier. She visits this place and brought me, and I thought of asking for you; and do come, Mr. Trevithic. These—these persons showed me the way to your study.” And she looked back at the grinning old heads that were peeping in at the door. Mary Myles looked like the lady in *Comus*—so sweet, and pure, and fair, with the grotesque faces, peering and whispering all about her. They vanished when Trevithic turned, and stood behind the door watching and chattering like apes, for the pretty lady to come out again. “I cannot tell you how glad we are that you have come here, Mr. Trevithic,” said Mrs. Myles. “Poor Fanny has half broken her heart over the place, and Mr. Skipper was so hopeless that it was no use urging him to appeal. You will do more good in a week than he has done in a year. I must not wait now,” Mrs. Myles added. “You will come, won’t you?—at seven; we have so much to say to you. Here is the address.”

As soon as Jack had promised to come, she left him, disappearing with her strange little court hobbling after her to the very gate of the dreary place.

Jack was destined to have more than one visitor that afternoon. As he still sat writing busily at his desk in the little office, a tap came at the door. It was a different apparition this time, for an old woman’s head peeped in, and an old nutcracker-looking body, in her charity-girl’s livery, staggered feebly into his office and stood grinning slyly at him. “She came to borrow a book,” she said. “She couldn’t read, not she, but, law bless him, that was no matter.” Then she hesitated. “He had been speaking to Mike Rogers that morn-

ing. You wouldn’t go and get us into trouble,” said the old crone, with a wistful, doubtful scanning interrogation of the eyes: “but I am his good lady, and ’ave been these thirty years, and it do seem hard upon the gals, and if you could speak the word, sir, and get them out.” . . .

“Out?” said Jack.

“From the black kitchen—so they name it,” said the old crone, mysteriously: “the cellar under the master’s stairs. Kate Hill has been in and out a week come yesterday. I knowed her grandmother, poor soul. She shouldn’t have spoke tighty to the missis; but she is young and don’t know no better, and my good man and me was thinking if maybe you could say a word, sir—as if from yourself. Maybe you heard her as you went upstairs, sir; for we know our cries is ’eard.”

So this was it. The moans in the air were not fancy, the complainings had been the real complaints of some one in suffering and pain.

“Here is the book,” said Jack, suddenly; “and I’m afraid you can have no more snuff, ma’am.” And with a start poor old Betty Rogers nearly stumbled over the matron, who was standing at his door.

“Well, what is it you’re wanting now?” said Mrs. Bulcox. “You mustn’t allow them to come troubling you, Mr. Trevithic.” “I am not here for long, Mrs. Bulcox,” said Jack, shrugging his shoulders. “While I stay I may as well do all I can for these poor creatures.”

A gleam of satisfaction came into Mrs. Bulcox’s face at the notion of his approaching departure. He had been writing all the morning, covering sheets and sheets of paper. He had been doing no harm, and she felt she could go out for an hour with her Bulcox, with an easy mind.

As Mr. and Mrs. Bulcox came home together, Jack, who was looking from his bedroom window, saw them walking up the street. He had put up his sheets of paper in an envelope, and stamped it, and addressed it. He had not wasted his time during their absence, and he had visited a part of the workhouse unknown to him before, having bribed one pauper and frightened another into showing him the way. Mr. Bulcox coming under the window heard Jack calling to him affably. “Would you be so kind as to post this packet for me?” cried Jack. The post-box was next-door to the workhouse. “Thank you,” he said, as Mr. Bulcox picked up the thick letter which came falling to the ground at his feet. It was addressed to Colonel the Hon. Charles

Hambleton, Lowndes Square, London. "Keeps very 'igh company," said Bulcox to his wife, and he felt quite pleased to post a letter addressed to so distinguished a personage.

"Thank you," said Jack again, looking very savagely pleased and amused; "it was of importance." He did not add that it was a letter to the editor of the *Jupiter*, who was a friend of his friend's. Trevithic liked the notion of having got Bulcox to fix the noose round his own neck. He felt ashamed of the part he was playing, but he did not hurry himself for that. It was necessary to know all, in order to sweep clean once he began. Poor Kate Hill still in durance received a mysterious and encouraging message, and one or two comforts were smuggled in to her by her gaoler. On the Wednesday morning his letter would appear in the *Jupiter* — nothing more could be done until then. Next day was Tuesday: he would go over to Sandsea and talk Anne into reason, and get back in time for the board; and in the meantime Jack dressed himself and went to dine with the widows.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARCÆ CUT A THREAD OF MRS. TREVITHIC'S KNITTING.

MRS. MYLES'S cousin, Mrs. Garnier, lived in a quaint, comfortable-looking low house on the Chester high-road, with one or two bow-windows and gables standing out for no apparent reason, and a gallery upstairs, with four or five windows, which led to the drawing-room.

The two widows were very fond of one another and often together; there was a similarity in tastes and age and circumstance. The chief difference in their fate had been this — that Fanny Garnier had loved her husband, although she could not agree with him — for loving and agreeing do not go together always — and Mary Myles's married life had been at best a struggle for indifference and forgiveness; she was not a very easily moulded woman; she could do no more than forgive and repent her own ill-doing in marrying as she did.

The trace of their two lives was set upon the cousins. A certain coldness and self-reliance, a power of living for to-day and forgetting, was the chief gift that had come to Mary Myles out of the past experience of her life. Fanny Garnier was softer, more impressionable, more easily touched and

assimilated by the people with whom she came in contact; she was less crisp and bright than Mary, and older, though she was the same age. She had loved more and sorrowed more, and people remember their sorrows in after-years when their angers are forgotten and have left only a blank in their minds.

George Garnier, Fanny Garnier's husband, had belonged to that sect of people who have an odd fancy in their world for making themselves and other folks as miserable as they possibly can — for worrying and wearying and torturing, for doubting and trembling, for believing far more eagerly in justice (or retribution, which is their idea of justice) than in mercy. Terror has a strange morbid attraction for these folks — mistrust, for all they say, seems to be the motive power of their lives: they gladly offer pain and tears and penitence as a ghastly propitiation. They are of all religions and creeds; they are found with black skins and woolly heads, building up their altars and offering their human sacrifices in the unknown African deserts; they are chipping and chopping themselves before their emerald-nosed idols, who sit squatting in unclean temples; they are living in the streets and houses all round about us, in George Garnier's pleasant old cottage outside the great Hammersley city, or at number five, and six, and seven in our street, as the case may be; in the convent at Bayswater, in the manse and presbyteries. You or I may belong to the fraternity, so did many a better man, as the children say. St. Simon Stylites, Athanasius, John Calvin, Milton, Ignatius Loyola, Savonarola, not to speak of Saints A, B, C, D, and E.

Mary poured Jack out a big cup of strong tea, and brought it across the lamp-lit room to him with her own white hands. Mrs. Garnier shivered as she heard his story. The tea smoked, the lamps burnt among the flower-stands, the wood fire blazed cheerfully, for Mrs. Myles was a chilly and weak-minded person, and lit her fire all the year round, more or less. Trevithic, comfortably sunk back in a big arm-chair, felt a grateful sense of ease and rest and consolation. The atmosphere of the little house was so congenial and fragrant, the two women were such sympathizing listeners; Mary Myles's bright eyes lighted with such kindly interest, while Mrs. Garnier, silent, available, sat with her knitting under the shade of the lamp. The poor fellow was not insensible to these soothing influences. As he talked on, it seemed to him that for the first time in his life he had realized what companion-

ship and sympathy might mean. Something invisible, harmonious, delicate, seemed to drive away from him all thought of sin or misery and turmoil when in company with these two kind women. This was what a home might have been — a warm, flower-scented, lamp-twinkling haven, with sweet still eyes to respond and brighten at his success and to cheer his failing efforts. This was what it never, never would be, and Trevithic put the thought away. It was dangerous ground for the poor heart-weary fellow, longing for peace and home, comfort and love; whereas Anne, to whom he was bound to look for these good things, was at Sandsea, fulfilling every duty of civilized life, and not greatly troubled for her husband, but miserable on her own account, hard and vexed and deeply offended.

Mrs. Trevithic was tripping along the south cliff on the afternoon of the next day, when the sound of footsteps behind her made her stop and look round. As she saw that it was her husband coming towards her, her pale face turned a shade more pale.

"Oh, how d'ye do?" Anne said. "I did not expect you. Have you come for long?" And she scarcely waited for him to come up to her, but began to walk on immediately.

Poor John; what a coming home! He arrived with his various interests, his reforms, his forthcoming letter in the *Jupiter*; there was the offer of the bishop's in his pocket — the momentary gladness and elation of return — and this was all he had come back to!

"Have you come on business?" Mrs. Trevithic asked.

"I wanted to see you and Dulcie," John answered; "that was my business. Time seems very long without you both. All this long time I have only had Mrs. Myles to befriend me. I wish — I wish you would try to like the place, Anne. The two ladies seem very happy there."

"Mrs. Myles, I have no doubt," said Anne bitterly. "No," she cried, "you need not talk so to me. I know too much, too much, too much," she said, with something like real pathos in her voice.

"My dearest Anne, what do you mean?" Trevithic said kindly, hurrying after her, for she was walking very fast.

"It is too late. I cannot forgive you. I am not one of those people who can forget easily and forgive. Do you think I do not know that your love is not mine — never was — never will be mine? Do you think gossip never reaches me here, far away,

though I try to live in peace and away from it all? And you dare mention Mary Myles's name to me — you dare — you dare!" cried Anne, in her quick fierce manner.

"Of course I dare," said Trevithic. "Enough of this, Anne," and he looked as hard as Anne herself for a minute; then he melted. "Dear Anne, if something has failed in our home hitherto, let us forgive one another and make a new start in life. Listen," and he pulled out the bishop's letter and read it to her. "I need not tell you how much I wish for this."

His wife did not answer. At first he thought she was relenting. She went a little way down the side of the cliff and waited for him, and then suddenly turned upon him. The wash of the sea seemed to flow in time with her words.

"You are cruel — yes, cruel!" said Anne, trembling very much, and moved for once out of her calm. "You think I can bear anything, — I cannot bear your insults any longer! I must go, — leave you. Yes, listen to me, I *will* go, I tell you! My father will keep me here, me and little Dulcie, and you can have your own way, John, and go where you like. You love your own way better than anything else in the world, and it will make up to you for the home which, as you say, has been a failure on the whole." And Mrs. Trevithic tried to choke down a gulp of bitter angry tears.

As she spoke John remembered a time not so very long ago, when Anne had first sobbed out she loved him, and when the tears which she should have gulped away had been allowed to overflow into those bitter waters of strife — alas! neither of them could have imagined possible until now.

They had been walking side by side along the beach, the parson trudging angrily a little a-head, with his long black coat flapping and swinging against his legs; Anne skimming along skilfully after him, with her quick slender footsteps; but as she went along she blamed him in her heart for every roughness and inequality of the shore, and once when she struck her foot against a stone her ire rose sore against him. Little Dulcie from the rectory garden spied them out afar off, and pointed and capered to attract their attention; but the father and mother were too much absorbed in their own troubles to heed her, even if they could have desisted her small person among the grasses and trees.

"You mean to say," said Jack, stopping short suddenly, and turning round and speaking with a faint discordant jar in his voice, "that you want to leave me, Anne?"

"Yes," said Anne, quite calm and composed, with two glowing cheeks that alone showed that a fire of some sort was smouldering within. "Yes, John, I mean it. I have not been happy. I have not succeeded in making you happy. I think we should both be better people apart than together. I never, never felt so — so ashamed of myself in all my life as since I have been married to you. I will stay here with papa. You have given up your living; you can now go and fulfil those duties which are more to you than wife or children or home." Anne — who was herself again by this time — calmly rolled up her parasol as she spoke and stood waiting for an answer. I think she expected a tender burst of remonstrance from her husband, a pathetic appeal, an abandonment possibly of the mad scheme which filled her with such unspeakable indignation. She had not counted on his silence. John stopped short a second time, and stood staring at the sea. He was cut to the heart; cruelly stunned and shocked and wounded by the pain, so that he had almost forgotten his wife's presence, or what he should say, or anything but the actual suffering that he was enduring. It seemed like a revelation of a horrible secret to which he had been blind all along. It was like a curse falling upon his home — undreamt of for a time, and suddenly realized. A great swift hatred flamed up in his heart against the calm and passive creature who had wrought it — who was there before him waiting for his assent to her excellent arrangements; a hatred, indeed, of which she was unworthy and unconscious; for Anne was a woman of slow perception. It took a long time for her to realize the effect of her words, or to understand what was passing in other people's minds. She was not more annoyed now with Trevithic than she had been for a long time past. She had no conception of the furies of scorn and hatred which were battling and tearing at the poor fellow's kind heart; she had not herself begun to respond even to her own emotions; and so she stood quite quietly, expecting, like some stupid bird by the water's edge, waiting for the wave to overwhelm her. "Do you not agree with me?" she said at last. Trevithic was roused by his wife's question, and answered it. "Yes; just as you wish," he said, in an odd, cracked voice, with a melancholy jar in it. "Just as you like, Anne." And without looking at her again, he began once more to tramp along the shingle, crushing the pebbles under his feet as he went. The little stones started and rolled away under his

impatient tread. Anne from habit followed him, without much thinking where she was going, or what aim she had in so doing; but she could not keep up with his strong progress — the distance widened and widened between them. John walked farther away, while Mrs. Trevithic following after, trying in vain to hasten her lagging steps, grew sad and frightened all at once as she saw him disappearing in the distance. Her feet failed, her heart sank, her courage died away all suddenly. Like a flame blown out all the fire of her vexation and impatience was gone, and only a dreary nothing remained. And more hard to bear even than the troubles, the pains, the aches, the longings of life, are its blanks and its wants. Outer darkness, with the tormenting fires and the companion devils, is not the outer darkness that has overwhelmed strong hearts with terror and apprehension. No words, no response, silence, abandonment — to us weak, loving, longing human creatures, that is the worst fate of all.

Anne became very tired, struggling after Trevithic. A gull flapped across her path; and frightened her. Little by little she began to realize that she had sent him away, and he was going. She could see him still; he had not yet turned up the steps from the cliff to the rectory garden, but he was gone as certainly as if she could no longer see him. And then she began to learn in a void of incredulous amaze, poor sluggish soul, that life was hard, very hard, and terribly remorseless; that when you strike, the blow falls; that what you wish is not always what you want; that it is easy to call people to you once perhaps, and to send them away once, but that when they come they stay, and when they go they are gone and all is over. Why was he so headstrong, so ungrateful, so unreasonable? Was she not right to blame him? and had he not owned himself to be in the wrong? Ah, poor wife, poor wife! Something choking and blinding seemed to smite the unhappy woman in her turn. She reached the steps at last that lead up the cliff to the rectory garden where little Dulcie had been playing when her mother left her. Anne longed to find her there — to clutch her in her poor aching arms, and cover her sweet little rosy face with kisses. "Dulcie," she called, "Dulcie, Dulcie!" her voice echoing so sadly that it struck herself, but Dulcie's cheery little scream of gladness did not answer, and Anne — who took the silence as a bad omen — felt her heart sink lower. In a dim way she felt that if she could have met Dulcie all would have been well.

She was calling still, when some one an-

swered; figures came to the hall-door, half-a-dozen officious hands were outstretched, and friendly greetings met her. There was Miss Triquett who was calling with Miss Moineaux, and Miss Simmonds who had driven up in her basket-carriage, and old Mr. Bellingham trying in a helpless way to entertain his visitresses, and to make himself agreeable to them all. The old gentleman, much relieved at the sight of his daughter, called her to him with a cheerful, "Ah, my dear, here you are. I shall now leave these ladies in better hands than mine. I am sorry to say I have a sermon to write." And Mr. Bellingham immediately and benevolently trotted away.

With the curious courage of women, and long habitude, Mrs. Trevithic took off her hat and smoothed her straight hair, and sat down, and mechanically began to make conversation for the three old ladies who established themselves comfortably in the pleasant bow-windowed drawing-room and prepared for a good chat. Miss Simmonds took the sofa as her right (as I have said before, size has a certain precedence of its own). Miss Triquett, as usual, rapidly glanced round the apartment, took in the importation of work-boxes, baskets, toy-boxes, &c., which Anne's arrival had scattered about, the trimming on Mrs. Trevithic's dress, the worn lines under her eyes. Mrs. Trevithic took her knitting from one of the baskets, and rang the bell and desired the man to find Miss Dulcie and send her; and meanwhile the stream of conversation flowed on uninterruptedly. Mr. Trevithic was well. Only come for a day! And the little girl? Thanks—yes. Little Dulcie's cold had been severe—linseed-poultices, squills, ipecacuanha wine;—thanks, yes. Mrs. Trevithic was already aware of their valuable medicinal properties. Mr. Pelligrew, the present curate, had sprained his thumb in the pulpit-door—wet bandages, &c., &c. Here Miss Simmonds, whose eyes had been fixed upon the window all this time, suddenly exclaimed,—

"How fond your husband is of that dear child Dulcie, Mrs. Trevithic! There she is with her papa in the garden."

"Dear me!" said Triquett, stretching her long neck and lighting up with excitement. "Mr. Trevithic must be going away; you never told us. He is carrying a carpet-bag."

As she spoke, Anne, who had been sitting with her back to the window, started up and her knitting fell off her lap. She was irresolute for an instant. He could not be going—going like that, without a word. No, she would not go to him.

"O dear me!" said Miss Simmonds, who had been trying to hook up the little rolling balls of worsted with the end of her parasol, "just see what I have done." And she held it up spindle fashion with the long thread twisted round it and hooked.

"I think I can undo it," said Miss Moineaux.

"I beg your pardon, I—I want to speak to my husband," said Mrs. Trevithic, starting up and running to the door.

"He is gone," said Miss Triquett to the others, looking once more out through the big pleasant window. "Dear Miss Moineaux, into what a mess you have got that knitting—let me cut the thread."

"Poor thing, she is too late," said Miss Moineaux, letting the two ends of the thread fall to the ground.

From the Saturday Review.

ITALY.

THE Italian crisis is passing away without any recriminations of a violent character between the French and Italian Governments. Notwithstanding the temptations to speak out, both parties to the dispute are tolerably silent. It is possible that such reticence may be accounted for by the consciousness on the part of both that the negotiations between France and Italy during the recent Ministry of M. RATTAZZI have been mutually compromising. There is no reason to suppose that NAPOLEON III., during the course of a mystifying intrigue, is ever anything except taciturn and cautious. He hears, he sees, he says little, and then at last he acts. Still, if M. RATTAZZI persists in his intention to revenge himself upon the Cabinet of the Tuileries for the fall that they unexpectedly gave him, he will doubtless be able to furnish explanations of some interest about his Imperial ally's diplomacy. The Ministerial changes in France, which were postponed till there was no longer any risk of their weakening the prestige of the EMPEROR's policy, show that there were those in the Imperial councils to whom the sudden expedition from Toulon was a subject of mortification or surprise. The son-in-law of the King of ITALY is one of the French princes of the blood, and a member of the EMPEROR's most confidential councils. When we consider, moreover, who M. RATTAZZI is, and to whom he had but recently succeeded, one can scarcely doubt that there has been a

good deal of by-play between the two Courts which it is desired for the present to forget. Count BISMARCK intimated as much in language sufficiently plain and clear. The Prussian conduct to Italy through the Italian panic has been equivalent to a courteous reproach for having thrown overboard the friendship of Prussia to embark in a fruitless French intrigue. And we presume that, as long as the Roman question is kept alive to suit the internal exigencies of the French empire, it will always entail on the several parties to the dispute a mass of diplomatic mystification. Priests have to be conciliated, revolutionists anticipated, European alliances consulted; now one string is to be pulled and now another, till, at the end of all, the illustrious negotiators find themselves floundering in a sea of deception and conspiracy. One of the strangest things in the last two months has been the tone adopted this week by the Italian journals about the French EMPEROR'S Speech. The oration was warily and prudently arranged so as not to raise up unnecessary difficulties in the way of the meeting of a Congress. Critics in every country have noticed with interest the fact that there is not, from the beginning to the end, a line about preserving the temporal power of the POPE. And the Italian papers are relieved, after weeks of desperation, at being able to fix on this little blue opening in their very gray sky. The thankfulness they display to NAPOLEON III. because he has not made his discourse more terrible and biting is the last proof and symptom of Italian humiliation. Used with respect to the chastenings of Heaven, such language might be pious and appropriate; but for Italy, at the present conjuncture, to be overwhelmed with admiration of the EMPEROR'S "delicacy and tact" is a phenomenon that could not have been foreseen. As the bitterness of the popular feeling against the French is not denied even by French correspondents from Italy, there can be but one interpretation of this new phase of Italian complaisance. The Italians have made up their minds that there is something to be gained by avoiding a rupture. What it is that they are after only diplomatists who are in the secret can tell. But that some Italian advantage is in the wind is obvious from what is passing. If it be true that the Cabinet of Florence has signified its readiness to enter the Conference or Congress, it is certain that explanations of a most confidential nature have passed between France, Italy, and Prussia.

Though NAPOLEON III. appears anxious

as far as possible to allay Italian irritation, he is careful not to abandon in any moment of effusion a single hard diplomatic advantage that he has gained. In his Speech he takes note publicly of the fact that the September Convention survives till a new international compact takes its place. If it is quite certain that some definite arrangement about Rome is within view, the Italian Cabinet may desire to avoid any superfluous and disagreeable discussion about the legal obligations that still obtain after the new Roman occupation. But it is to be observed that no similar considerations of tenderness seem to prevent NAPOLEON III. from positively asserting that he considers the contract of September still valid and unbroken. It is the worst of having a weak and inexperienced Government in Italy that this is precisely the sort of point they are likely, from sheer want of nerve, to allow to pass unquestioned. M. MENABREA, we have no doubt, is sorely tempted to let it drift by, without examining the allegation too minutely. To spectators it appears a most important one. A tacit acceptance of the EMPEROR'S view is a step about as grave as the signature by Italy of a new Convention of September, to replace the failure of the last. One can conceive no better source of future complications than the absence of a clear understanding between the Italians and the French about their relative engagements. The reoccupation of Rome has been a great misfortune for Italy. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the Italians have at least derived from the presence of French troops at Rome a clear political opportunity to refuse to resume a compact about the wisdom of renewing which there cannot be two opinions. The French are there. It is not a question now of saving Italy from humiliation or bloodshed. All the humiliation has been suffered; the King of ITALY has with impunity been bullied in the sight of his people, and Italian subjects have fallen victims to French bullets. Italy has not been able to resent all this, and has made up her mind to bear it. There is the less, therefore, to gain by urging the French Empire to retire from an occupation which, if the Italians bide their time, will become a millstone round NAPOLEON'S neck. Whether the French are at Civita Vecchia or at Toulon is a matter of no moment at all, so long as they are pledged to return to Italy on the slightest symptoms of disaffection or disturbance in the Papal States. To ask their recall as a favour is simply to assist the French Empire out of the embarrass-

ments it has created for itself. If, indeed, the Italians asked it as a right, with the power and the will to back their claim by active measures, one could understand their position. It is less easy to sympathize with a policy which, beaten in intrigue, takes refuge in petitions and intercessions; and which for the sake of temporary relief, and the hope of favours to come, is ready to forget the past, as well as to neglect the dictates of common diplomatic caution.

Any indications, indeed, that the Italians, after the severe lesson they have received, are relapsing into their old condition of waiters on a sort of French Providence, and their old habits of being fed, so to speak, by hand, are thoroughly to be regretted. The French EMPEROR can do a good deal for them. He can let them have the coping-stone to their national edifice a few years earlier than they would get it in the natural order of events; if it is ever particularly convenient to him to do so. It would, however, be well for Italy to consider the parable of M. PREVOST-PARADOL's dog. The French (like the young sparrows in the Psalms) are forced by circumstances over which they have no control to receive their political blessings as a kind of gift and bounty. No such obligation rests on Italy; the attitude of anxious and attached expectation which suited M. PREVOST-PARADOL's faithful companion is scarcely suitable to a great nation. The semi-official journalists in Paris whose acute eyes have discovered unfriendliness in the QUEEN'S Speech, believe to a man that England desires Italy's independence because England is jealous of French power. And the least show of interest in Italy on this side of the Channel is gibbeted by them as the latest specimen of the undying selfishness and perfidy of Albion. If it suited the general policy of this country to take a more active part in the settlement of the Roman question, it would be difficult to prove on logical or moral grounds why we should abstain. It is true that England is not a Catholic nation; but though this fact may make it harder for us to understand or appreciate the susceptibilities of French priests and their congregations, it does not disqualify us from sympathizing with the Italian ambition to have Rome and Italy free from all but lay government. There is no political weight at all in the view that non-Catholics are bound to stand aside and let French Catholics do what they please with Rome and GARIBALDI. The real reason of English non-interference in Italy is the resolution which this country, from the variety of the interests

and the divergence of the opinions of its subjects, has lately drifted into adopting, to the effect that she cannot go to war except for the gravest national interests. There is, on the other hand, no shadow of a wish that there should be anything but the most complete *entente cordiale* between France and Italy. If the giant and the dwarf do not get tired of each other's company after Mentana, by all means let the confederacy go on and prosper. It is quite a different thing to say that this country likes to witness French intervention in Italy, or to see Italy turned into a humble dependant on the French Empire. Perhaps the Italians cannot help themselves. If so, all that can be said is, that they are to be pitied. But we can hardly believe that they are so poorly off. Nations are longer-lived than any individual; time is always running in their favour; and they can afford to wait. So long as NAPOLEON III. lives, French democracy may be at the mercy of the master it created for itself; but there is no reason to imagine that the present Italian policy of France can be prolonged beyond the next interruption of the reigning French dynasty. If this be so, the Italians have more to lose than to gain by precipitancy. Their situation is so thoroughly one that calls for statesmanship and skill, that before long M. MENABREA will have probably to make way for a stronger Cabinet. The meeting of the Italian Parliament at the beginning of next month will either be the signal for useful Ministerial modifications, or else serve as a wholesome check on the diplomatic operations of M. MENABREA and his friends.

Meanwhile the two persons who emerge without loss of reputation from the past crisis are the two enthusiasts of the piece. The POPE and GARIBALDI are pretty much what they were before; always cheerful, buoyant, and benevolent to all mankind, except to the French EMPEROR and to one another. They have both taken their own line openly and clearly, without pausing to consult diplomatists or to intrigue with Ministers. Both keep on surviving through every kind of danger with a pertinacity which is one of the chief causes that the Roman question never is settled. The POPE is very old, but he will not die. GARIBALDI is always on the eve of being wounded or taken prisoner, but he never is killed. The only difference is that General GARIBALDI hardly perhaps prays for the EMPEROR and the little PRINCE IMPERIAL with the fervency or frequency of his great rival. With these two exceptions, no French or Italian statesman can congratulate himself

on having achieved distinction from the last Italian movement. It is probable that, when all is known, M. RATTAZZI will prove to have been hardly judged of by the world outside. If the assertions of his friends are true, his Italian policy was not deficient to the last in nerve; and if his Royal master had stood firm, a daring policy might have succeeded in paralysing the French EMPEROR. The event, however, has been so unfortunate that some blame will continue to attach to all who did not prevent the occasion of the mishap. In a word, if M. RATTAZZI was not guilty of timidity, he has yet to prove that he is innocent of having embarked, in common with French negotiators, in a dangerous and speculative intrigue.

From The Saturday Review.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY.

THE semi-official papers of France find food for much angry comment in that part of the QUEEN'S Speech which treated of Italian affairs. What business, they ask, has England to hint that, if France chooses to keep her troops at Rome, Italy will have a good ground to complain? England, they say, takes up the cause of Italy on paper, but is not at all likely to take it up in any more serious way. And we must acknowledge that there was some ground for the friends and dependents of the French Government to complain of what appeared to be something like fault-finding with France; while, on the other hand, we in England are so thoroughly ashamed of talking big and then acting shabbily in Continental affairs that we regret that we should appear to be once more sliding into our old mistake. There is something inconsistent in telling the history of what has just taken place under the September Convention, as if that Convention were purely a matter of concern to France and Italy alone, and then hinting that France ought not to be too hard on Italy. The fault, however, lay in placing these words in the QUEEN'S Speech, for the course which the Ministry have adopted towards Italy is one that leaves them free from blame. They have, in fact, been much more friendly to Italy than might have been expected from their antecedents, and they never paid the Liberal party a greater compliment than by adopting silently, and as a matter of course, the Liberal prepossession in favour of Italy against which Mr. Disraeli declaimed so bit-

terly not very long ago. Having been invited by France to express some sort of opinion on the recent expedition, they have cheerfully aided Italy by rendering her the good offices she asked for from them. Lord STANLEY, therefore, did not go out of his way in saying to the French Government that the English public viewed this new occupation of Rome with great regret. This does not in itself mean much, for the EMPEROR himself says that he regrets as much as any one that he has been obliged to send his troops to Rome. But it may be taken as an indication of the position which England intends to assume in the discussion of the Roman question. The only ground on which England can admit that she has anything to do with the Papal Power is, that she sees a very serious danger to the European community — and to herself more, perhaps, than to some other of the leading Powers — if the temporal power is to serve as a perpetual excuse for throwing large bodies of French soldiers into the middle of Italy. The Papal territory is to France what the Quadrilateral was to Austria — a means of intruding into Italian territory, and holding Italy in check by the possession of a strong position in her midst. England never thought of fighting Austria in order to turn her out of Venetia, and England certainly will not fight France in order to keep her out of Rome; but whenever a proper occasion arises for her saying what she thinks, she may most properly express regret that Italy is thus threatened by neighbours too powerful for her. That the despatch of French troops to Rome leads almost inevitably to a covert attack on Italy is shown conclusively by what is going on now. The EMPEROR may be very anxious to recall his troops, but they not only stay on, but continue to occupy one town after another, until they are close to the Italian border. This cannot be very pleasing to the Italians, and could hardly fail to create a misunderstanding with VICTOR EMMANUEL, were it not that there must be two parties to a quarrel, and that the King of ITALY is determined not to quarrel with France.

In the debate on the Address, the most various opinions were expressed on the present position of the affairs of Rome. More especially there was a great divergence of view as to the sentiments and wishes of the population. According to Mr. MAGUIRE, the inhabitants of the Roman territory adore the POPE and his Government, and like of all things to be under the rule of priests. Lord HOUGHTON takes a more

moderate line, and thinks that recent events have shown that the inhabitants of Rome itself are very fairly satisfied with their lot, that the dwellers in the remoter parts of the POPE's dominions are not at all keen for annexation to Italy, and that the Italians are becoming indifferent to Rome. To all this Lord STANLEY quietly replied that, however fond the POPE's subjects might be of him, he was not aware that the POPE would be willing to refer to a popular vote the question whether the temporal power should continue. What the real disposition of the POPE's subjects may be no one can be sure. The POPE and his Government have had their own way in the present Papal territories for a great many years, and they have sent out of the country all the persons known to be most active and energetic. The feeble remnant has naturally become depressed, and has suffered so much that it has heart for nothing but sticking by the winning side. In the city of Rome the population may very likely be anxious that the POPE should stay among them, for most of them live by foreigners, and the foreigners come to see the arts and the magnificence of Catholic Rome. It is clear that we cannot take up the Roman question from the point of view that there is an enslaved population longing to be free of which we ought to make ourselves the champions. We doubt very much whether there is more genuine disaffection to the POPE in his dominions than there is to the Queen of SPAIN in her dominions. Nor, again, is there any use in trying to argue that the POPE would be better off if he had only a spiritual power, and that the temporal power is a clog and obstruction to his real and proper influence. Surely the POPE must be supposed to know his own business best, and he and all those who are most anxious for his interests concur in thinking that he is more independent, and, what is of equal importance, is thought to be more independent, because he has a slice of the earth's soil as his own, and is treated as a sovereign, and has a recognised political existence. A far better ground for our interfering, so far as mere argument goes, is that we do not in the least believe in him and his religion; and just as he and his supporters defend the temporal power in order to promote spiritual truth, so we may try to prevent his ruling over his present subjects because we wish to put down what we believe to be spiritual falsehood. The objection to this mode of treating the subject is, that it embarks us on the dangerous sea of religious wars, and commits us to the

hazardous task of having to beat the whole Catholic world, except Italy, in arms.

We must reject, therefore, every ground of interference but one, and must proclaim that if we take notice in Parliament of the Roman question, or attend a Conference that is to deal with it, we do so on a purely secular ground alone. We do not like to think that France should have a Quadrilateral of her own in the heart of Italy. This is the line which the Ministry has taken, and it deserves credit for having taken it so clearly and decisively, although the wording of the QUEEN'S Speech was injudicious, because it is needlessly offensive to France. The French Government appears to be a little sore that England did not pay it the compliment of noticing in the formal document the proposal for a Conference; but it would have been a fresh mistake to have balanced the harsh language about the withdrawal of the French troops by a few sweet words on the possibility of a Conference. The explanations that must have ensued would have speedily taken all value out of the compliment. So far as words went, nothing that the EMPEROR could have desired to be said in England could have surpassed what Lord DARBY said when he declared that the English Government would have been delighted to accept the proposal for a Conference were it only to show its sense of the cordiality and good will with which the EMPEROR has always treated England.

But it was impossible to go into a Conference blindly. It must be shown that the Conference is accepted by the Powers principally concerned, and that it has a definite basis for its discussions. The latter condition is perfectly reasonable. Unless the EMPEROR can make up his mind to have a policy, it is impossible that other people can decide whether his policy is good or bad. He must let it be understood what kind of arrangement he would be willing to substitute for the September Convention. If he likes he can keep things as they are, with the clerical party gloating over the wonders done by the Chassepot, with the POPE defying every effort of France to introduce a better system of government, with Italy in a fury of suppressed indignation, with BRISMARK waiting for his chance, with England uneasy at the danger with which Italy is threatened, and with the democratic party in Europe ripening daily and hourly into revolution. This state of things, with the favour of the priests to be put on the other side, and with the hope that a policy of waiting may lead to unexpected good luck,

the EMPEROR can preserve for the present, by simply trusting to inaction, and by letting the project of a Conference die away. But if a change is to be made—if, as is evidently the case, the EMPEROR is not satisfied with things as they are—he must indicate what the change is that he proposes; and if the change he proposes seems in any way likely to lead to good results, then the English Government need not be too scrupulous, but may attend the Conference in the hope of doing some good, and of upholding the national policy which lies in seeking to relieve Italy from the presence of foreign troops.

From The Saturday Review.
THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Emperor's Speech was eminently pacific. It was intended to soothe, to reassure, and to satisfy. Everything was painted in its brightest colours, and the Imperial Government was shown only on its most favourable side. There certainly had been apprehensions of war, but these apprehensions were totally unfounded. France has no objection whatever to Germany making whatever arrangement for the management of her own affairs she may please. It was indeed hard for the EMPEROR to be so misunderstood in the very year when he had got up such a very big Exhibition—the sign and pledge of concord, as all persons who admire Exhibitions call them in spite of all experience. The Roman Expedition was really a great kindness and blessing to Italy, and was imposed on the EMPEROR by the terms of a treaty which left him no option. All the great Powers are of one mind as to the East, and heartily desire to maintain the Ottoman Empire. It is true that there is some suffering in France, but it must be left to Free Trade to remedy the evil. There was not a hint of a loan, and the EMPEROR even suggested that the burden of taxation might soon be lightened. Even the reorganization of the army, which was to be carried out in a way to please everybody as far as possible, was only intended to make France more pacific, because the more complete is her military and naval strength, the less she will be inclined to go to war. Thus, at peace with all the world, and becoming daily more pledged to peace as the Chassepot rifles are more widely distributed through her armies, France is at leisure to attend to her own internal improvements. More especially she can devote herself to two great objects—the construction of country roads, and

the enlargement of that measure of public liberty which is accorded her under the present Imperial system. From first to last everything was said that could make the EMPEROR stand well with Europe and with France, and that could inspire the conviction that he has a decided policy, and is sure of his own position. In spite of all that has been whispered against him, he is resolved not to be forced into a war with Germany; he is still the friend of Italy, and the champion of her unity and independence; he is still a firm believer in Free Trade, and can never consider he has done his work until he has crowned the edifice. There is no part of his assertions that can be directly gainsaid, and in some passages of his Speech he had evidently taken great pains to be conciliatory. More especially, in speaking of Italy, he spoke so as to wound the feelings of Italians as little as possible, and so as to avoid as much as possible all appearance of mixing himself up with the clerical party and its triumphs. It was a very well-contrived Speech, and seemed to place the speaker in a very amiable and pleasant light, and all those who can at the present crisis be cheered by a Speech from the EMPEROR were as likely to be cheered by it as by anything he could have said.

But it wanted one element altogether—that of force. It was gentle and conciliatory, but it was tame. It left the impression that its author was not dominating events, but only seeing how events would go. It was a Speech the main object of which was to gain time. It really left everything as uncertain as it was before. Can any one who reads it be sure that the EMPEROR does not mean to go to war with Prussia when his army is larger and better armed; that he dares to accept any real and practicable solution of the Roman question; that he honestly thinks his system can last if France is made more free? The part about Prussia and the Exhibition was meant to reassure the commercial world and the Bourse, but the part about the necessity for an increase of the military strength of France was meant to please the army, and to satisfy those who have an uneasy feeling that, ever since the disastrous Mexican expedition was planned, France has been going down in the world. No part of this pacific Speech appears to have been so heartily cheered as that in which the EMPEROR assured his Chambers that he was getting ready to fight with a greater certainty of success. The Roman question is as much in darkness as it ever was. The

EMPEROR had nothing to say except that something must be done about Rome and Italy, and that he had asked a great number of people what they thought ought to be done. The proposal for a Conference furnished matter for the Speech, and the Speech seemed to give some sort of additional importance to the proposal for a Conference. But this going round and round in a circle betrays the mind of a man who feels himself smaller, not greater, than the circumstances in which he is placed. This mode of gaining time must soon come to an end. The EMPEROR must either promulgate some basis for the Conference, or he must own that he proposed a Conference without having any basis to suggest. If he chooses the latter course, and lets the proposal of a Conference die quietly away, his Speech will seem a very poor thing to look back on. It will be confessed that he really had nothing to say on the Roman question, except that if all the European Powers would meet, and kindly give him some vague general hints, he should be truly obliged to them. This is a very humble position for him to occupy. We may perhaps be glad that he should not always be able to dictate to Europe, and that the days are over when his will seemed to shape the course of history. But at any rate it is a signal fact in his career, that at such a crisis he should have uttered a Speech which makes his altered position evident, and reduces him to the level of the ordinary feeble ruler waiting upon Providence. At home he may wish France could be more free, and he may possibly think that the time is come when more of freedom may be safely granted. But it is also quite possible that he may be as uncertain and hesitating about French liberty as about Rome, and that he has no notion of putting it out of his power to restrain liberty as well as to extend it. It is very difficult to believe that he can be sincere in giving it to be understood that, in his opinion, public meetings and public speaking and writing can be tolerated in Paris with less danger to his Government now than at any earlier portion of his reign. Who can possibly believe that Paris is exceptionally tranquil just now; that the opposition to his Government would not now meet with popular support? Read by the light of current events, his Speech seems not so much the exposition of a policy as the utterance of a man who hopes that, if he chooses his words very carefully, he may prolong the period during which it may still be possible for him to decide what his policy shall be.

Nothing, we think, can be further from the truth than the belief which the EMPEROR evidently tried to inspire, that things are going on easily and smoothly with him, that he knows exactly how to manage France and Europe, and that his Government has every day a more assured hold over the affections and respect of his people. Never, since Solferino put him in a commanding position at home and abroad, has he had greater dangers and difficulties to face than he has now. He has created the general impression that he has mismanaged things dreadfully; and now that irritation has once begun, the old sore of the Mexican Expedition has been re-opened, and the public is being constantly reminded of it by fresh exposures of the jobs and scandals that disgraced it. The army feels ashamed of its position; and French soldiers have too much pride and too much generosity to look on the destruction of a few Garibaldians, or the threats of force employed towards a minor country like Italy, as any compensation for having had, as they think, to recoil before the conquerors of Sadowa. The large cities are notoriously in a state of alarming discontent, as is shown by the vast bodies of troops kept in readiness to act, and by the constant arrests that are going on. The press is extraordinarily free in France just now, and the Government is attacked with much bitterness and in the plainest language. It is possible that the liberty thus accorded may be a sign of strength; but it is also possible that another explanation, freely suggested by the adversaries of the Government, may be the true one, and that the EMPEROR shrinks from interfering with a burst of thought and an assertion of independence too general and too powerful to be put down by anything short of a new Reign of Terror. The EMPEROR referred in his Speech to the tour he had made through Northern and Eastern France, and to the hearty reception which he and the EMPRESS everywhere met with. That this welcome was genuine, and was not merely got up by the police, which can always get up sham welcomes, almost exactly like real ones, is not improbable; but, in the first place, things have altered very much in the last two months, and secondly, the villages and small towns of the provinces are more favourable to the EMPEROR than Paris and the larger cities. People think more slowly in country places; and having once accepted the EMPEROR, they are not inclined to throw him over, and consider a visit from him a greater honour than Parisians

can do who see him so often. But the chief causes of his popularity in the provinces are the conviction that he has really done much for the remote parts of the country, and has concerned himself in promoting the prosperity of all parts of France; and, further, the support which is at present given him by the priests. He evidently thinks that he cannot afford to do without this support. He must have the provinces with him if he is losing his hold on the large towns, and this is probably the true explanation of this second occupation of Rome. He was afraid of the priests at the provincial elections, and, true to his constant policy, he is determined at all costs to have the army and the peasantry with him. One of the most serious and alarming facts in Europe at the present moment is the open war which threatens at every moment to break out between the clerical party and the democracy. The clerical party is the, rising, the successful, the aggressive, the dominating party at present; but the democratic party, if it could but once get the chance of acting and combining, has a vigour and energy which make it formidable. We think the EMPEROR has managed to trim pretty evenly between these two parties, and his Speech shows that his first desire is to be able to continue as an arbiter between them, friendly to each, but superior to both. In spite of all his wishes to be neutral, he may, however, be forced to choose between them; and, if so, which side will he choose? No one can answer this question confidently, but his past history shows that, as a general principle, he thinks it safer to use the priests against democracy than to give democracy a license that might easily sweep him and his dynasty away.

From The Intellectual Observer.

INDIAN INSECTS—HOUSE VISITANTS.

BY THE REV. R. HUNTER, M.A.

TOWARDS the middle of June, when the Indian hot season is about to terminate, let the eye turn where it will, it sees vegetation languishing and all but dead. For eight months previously there has scarcely been a shower; for two and a half there has blown a wind, hot as the blast of a furnace, which has reduced rivers of respectable magnitude to brooks, and has left streams of inferior size literally dry channels. Trees or plants with leaves of a lively green are scarcely to be met with, except in gardens where appliances exist for artificial irrigation. The animals have crept away into

corners, and are at no season of the year less obtrusive. Indeed, one great section of the animal kingdom, the insect class, is almost wanting, the greater number of its varied tribes existing at that season in the chrysalis state.

But by and by, clouds, escaping over the tops, or through the passes of that great rocky rampart which figures in maps as the Western Ghauts, pile themselves around the central Indian sky. After having several times threatened rain, and again withdrawn the menace, till the repeated crying of "wolf, wolf" has produced the usual effect of making people pay little or no attention to the warning voice, even when it sounds more earnest than usual, they finally begin to discharge themselves on the earth. Sometimes the rainy season (caused by the southwest monsoon) comes on gradually: more commonly, however, a magnificent thunder storm inaugurates its reign. The dry and thirsty land in a few hours becomes green as emerald, and the animals reassert their place in creation. It would scarcely be relevant to the present subject to point out the several elements which go to constitute the wondrous transformation so gladdening to the eye: it is enough to note the phenomena presented by the insect world.

Within a week after the rainy season has established itself, the number of insects which have quitted the state of suspended animation, if one can call it so, and flown forth from their living graves, is very great, nor are their beauties withheld from human observation. The night has just set in, outside the atmosphere is moist, inside it is somewhat close, and *Paterfamilias*, in sitting down to tea, directs that the doors shall be thrown open. The order is carried out, when a multitude of uninvited guests at once present themselves, attracted, it must in justice be stated, not by his viands, but by the argand lamp which burns so brilliantly upon his table. They are insects of very varied families. On the first two, or three occasions when this occurs, the novelty of the spectacle makes one reluctant to interfere with it in any way; but before long scientific ardour receives a check of an unromantic character. As roughs may intermingle with thoroughly respectable processionists, so flying bugs, especially a black species, troop in at the door with the rest of the insect world, and, being somewhat clumsy in their flight, are exceedingly prone to fall full length into the cups of tea. Their smell is precisely that of the domestic pest to which they have so close an affinity; and we fancied, though it may have been no

more than fancy, that they imparted both that, and a peculiar taste to the tea into which they tumbled, so that in all cases the cup degraded by the presence of such visitants was sent away. It was therefore found the best policy to keep the doors closed till tea was over, and then fling them open, to afford ingress to the insect crowd waiting outside. When at length leave was granted, the rush began. In they trooped, great and small, representatives of this, and representatives of that order: all directing their way to the common centre of attraction, the lamp upon the table. It was impossible to prevent many from burning their wings or perishing in the flame.

The *Coleoptera* figured in large numbers, many distinct families sending each a contingent to the general muster. One or two predatory *Cicindelas* were there, though smaller in size, and more sombre in colour than the pretty species of this country. The lamellicorn beetles came; but there was nothing to wonder at in this: it being very common, even when other insects were absent, for a species of this tribe, belonging to the genus *Bulboceros* to wing its droning flight in at the door, and up and down the room, after which it was wont to tumble backwards on the ground, and lie struggling for some time before it could regain its footing, or acquire lever power sufficient to rise upon the wing. Species of genera with soft elytra were, beyond others, numerous in individuals; and this was remarkable about them, as it was indeed more or less of all the other families, that every fortnight or so, the species changed, those that were common at the beginning growing more rare, and those of which there had been seen but a single individual or two becoming numerous.

One of the *Cimicidæ* has been already mentioned. Other *Hemiptera* presented themselves for observation, the one that left the deepest trace upon the memory being a large *Reduvius*, which, on being seized, would turn round, and with its suctorial mouth inflict a deep envenomed wound on the finger.

The *Orthoptera* sent to the assembly some species of the locust family, this being noticeable about their habits that, whereas the other insects, while they remained with us, kept with tolerable steadiness to the table, and somehow managed to take themselves off altogether before morning, these, after having had enough of the table, manifested certain proclivities towards the wall, with which they soon made acquaintance and from which they were in no hurry to de-

part, for they were often to be seen standing there in a sleepy way after sunrise.

A very interesting Neuropterous insect, though not abundant, was still occasionally to be met with, the *Myrmecoleon* or ant lion. It was like a dragon fly, but had much more conspicuous antennæ, and doubtless came from the neighboring hill, where its larvæ might be disinterred from the bottom of small funnel-shaped holes in the light sandy soil. But of all the *Neuroptera* none figured so conspicuously as the *Termites* or white ants. They were in company with a large black ant of the *Hymenopterous* order, to which they seemed in some way mysteriously drawn. The *Termites* which flew around the lamp had four gauzy wings, but attached to them so lightly that when they dashed against any solid body, their wings flew off, and they became degraded into creeping things, very much like ear-wigs but without the forceps.

The curious insect-drama never looked more anomalous than when it was enacted during the time of divine service in church. In all probability the lights on either side of the pulpit were brighter than those in other parts of the sacred edifice, and, in consequence, the stream of insect church-goers winged their way thither in quest of enlightenment. Some, loving it "not wisely but too well," soon fell a sacrifice to their ardour; others, directing their course more skilfully, danced in mazy circles around the attractive object, as planets might revolve about a central sun. Some white ants struck the face of the preacher, others deemed his neck the proper target against which to direct their energies, and impinging upon it, fell as creeping things upon, or occasionally inside his dress; while, if he aimed at reading correctly, it was necessary or him from time to time to brush away the wings from his book.

It were well worth the while of those British entomologists who have correspondents in India to obtain from them all the species that frequent these tea-table gatherings, requesting at the same time that accurate note may be taken of the date at which each species first appears, the time when it reaches its maximum in point of numbers, and that again at which it has so far declined that it can scarcely be met with. Such an investigation, if prosecuted simultaneously in various parts of India, and the results compared, the identifications of course not being left to the local observers but undertaken by eminent entomologists at home, could not fail to prove interesting in a high degree.